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CRAFTSMAN AND ARTIST: TROLLOPE WRITES THE WAY WE LIVE NOW

BY

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GAIL D. SORENSEN

A THESIS
SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH
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Abstract

In An Autobiography Anthony Trollope depicts himself as a craftsman, depending on "a habit of industry" rather than inspiration. Like the shoemaker, "the man who works with his imagination [cannot] allow himself to wait till—inspiration moves him" (A. 102); and Trollope binds himself "by certain self-imposed laws" (100) governing the number of words per page, pages per day and per week, and total time for completing a novel. The working diary in which he records the pages written each day provides a visual reminder "if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two" and demands "increased labour" (ibid.). Trollope's "laws" also prohibit wasting time on a rough copy; after all, "if a man knows his craft with his pen, he will have learned to write without the necessity of changing his words or the form of his sentences" (114).

But An Autobiography offers only a partial description of the novelist as he writes. The working diary, manuscript and printed edition of The Way We Live Now provide further information on the author as artist as well as craftsman. The diary and the manuscript corroborate Trollope's assertions about his working habits; he completes the novel in less than the time allotted, despite several interruptions, and seldom revises the manuscript. Correlating the working diary to the manuscript, and comparing what Trollope writes on each date to news stories in The Times, reveals how frequently the novelist incorporates the stuff of real life into his fictional

world, adding force to his satiric indictment of "the way we live now." A study of the structure of the novel, and the means by which the novelist makes it work both as twenty serial parts and as a unified whole, provides a sense of Trollope's artistry that fleshes out the portrait of the author at work.

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Introduction

Anthony Trollope's method, or system, for writing novels is perhaps the best known of any Victorian novelist's, largely because it is fully documented in his Autobiography. Written in 1875-1876, An Autobiography was published posthumously and is, as Bradford A. Booth claims, generally considered one of "a few masterpieces of autobiography" in world literature (v).[1] In it the novelist explains that he "found it to be expedient to bind [himself] by certain self-imposed laws" when he sat down to write (100). "Laws" indicates the seriousness with which the author regards these restrictions, although "rules" might be more appropriate, for one senses that Trollope makes a game of completing a novel within the self-prescribed limits governing the number of words per page (250), pages per day (usually eight), pages per week ("about 40" [A. 100]), and total time for completion (which depended on the length of the work). There is an irrepressible note of triumph in his declaration that "I have prided myself on completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions. But I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time,--and I have always done so" (101).[2]

One cannot learn all about Trollope at work from An Autobiography, for it cannot tell all; it reveals only what the author would have it reveal. To learn more, one must turn to the works themselves and to the assorted paraphernalia Trollope assembled in order to abide by his "laws." It would be a monumental task to tackle all Trollope's novels (he wrote forty-seven), but focusing on a single work allows one at least to understand Trollope's method as it applies to the particular. The Way We Live Now (1873) provides a suitable case to study. It is long, it is diverse and, although not widely acclaimed at the time of publication, it has received much critical attention since then.[3] Working with several plots and a cast of dozens, developing a novel that was at once a unified whole and at the same time readily divisible into twenty monthly parts, composing his first and only satire, Trollope had to be in top form.[4]

Best of all, not only the working papers but also Trollope's original manuscript of this novel are extant.[5] And, although less directly related, other materials are available that prove useful in studying the novelist and the novel. Trollope's letters provide information about his whereabouts, activities, and concerns during the period in which he was writing. Also, since the novel's title suggests a link with the contemporary scene, newspapers from 1873 offer a means of investigating the relation of the novel to the world in which Trollope was writing. Finally, the cover and illustrations for the novel as it was first published in serial parts, although not done by Trollope, were undoubtedly supervised (to some extent) by him. Taken all together, these allow one to expand on the facts provided by An Autobiography and to develop a detailed portrait of Trollope at work on The Way We Live Now.

NOTES: Introduction

[1] This is from Booth's introduction to An Autobiography by Anthony Trollope; throughout this thesis, parenthetical references to the Autobiography will be noted as A.

[2] Hence the slightly defensive tone of the postscript written boldly across the bottom of Trollope's working diary for The Way We Live Now, as he explains that, while the novel took thirty-four weeks to complete instead of the predicted thirty-two, "five weeks were occupied in Harry Heathcote [a Christmas story] and therefore this novel . . . has been done in 29 weeks." Trollope's notes at the end of The Three Clerks ("finis coronavit opus"), The Small House at Allington ("ohe, ohe, ohe"), and The Prime Minister ("Finished in 24 weeks to the day") sound decidedly triumphant (Juliet McMaster, personal communication).

[3] In his introduction to the Oxford World's Classics edition of The Way We Live Now, John Sutherland notes that "the Trollope revival in the mid-1940s " stimulated interest in the novel. "Following the vogue for 'dark' Dickens, a comparably dark Trollope item attracted supporters" such as Michael Sadleir, A. O. J. Cockshut, and Sutherland himself (xii-xiii).

[4] The Way We Live Now is not an unqualified success (two central characters, Hetta Carbury and Paul Montague, are insipid and uninteresting), but I align myself with those critics who consider this one of Trollope's finest works, a few of whom are identified above. Also, because of its size and complexity, it is certainly a fine "specimen" to scrutinize for signs of Trollope at work.

[5] These include a preliminary character list and several short notes which are discussed in detail by John Sutherland in "Trollope at Work on The Way We Live Now." For this reason, and because I did not have access to the originals of these materials, I have confined my examination to Trollope's working diary and the manuscript, in addition to the serial parts and first two-volume book edition (including illustrations).

Chapter I: The Taskmaster and the Task

"I was once told that the surest aid to writing a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair," Trollope writes in An Autobiography (102). While he does not appear to have actually resorted to sticking himself to his chair, the author had other means of enforcing the "self-imposed laws" with which he bound himself. His working diary is a "taskmaster" (102) that demands of him diligence and industry in completing his task. It is as much a part of the writing process as the manuscript itself: "when I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work" (A. 100). The Way We Live Now is no exception, and the working diary for it, currently housed in the Bodleian Library, provides a day-by-day account of the author's progress over the eight months in which he wrote this novel. With it, one knows exactly how many pages Trollope wrote on any given day and in any given week. It also hints at the author's other activities during this time. It is more than a mere tally sheet of pages written; it is, indeed, a diary (albeit a cryptic one) that when deciphered yields a better understanding of how Trollope worked.

The working diary for The Way We Live Now is a single sheet of paper folded in half to form four half-sheet pages [see Appendix 1]. Each page has a double rule drawn down the center with four columns marked off on either side. Across the top of the first page, Trollope outlines the dimensions of the work alongside the year:

> Carbury novel. 20 numbers. 64 pages each number. 260 words
> 1873 each page. 40 pages a week. To be completed in 32 weeks.

From left to right, the first column contains dates, beginning with May 1 (a Thursday in 1873); horizontal lines across the page separate each seven days into weeks running from Thursday to Wednesday. An "S" denotes Sunday of each week, although the significance of this is unclear since Trollope does not routinely take Sunday as a day of rest. Occasionally, other days of the week are also noted by the appropriate letters. The second column lists the manuscript pages written on each date, with the part numbers (No. 1, etc.) at the beginning of each. A series of ellipses next to a date usually denotes a day on which Trollope writes nothing. Just to the right of the page numbers, a long bracket stretches from the first to the last date of each number, and vertically beside each of these Trollope has written in "No. 1 --" and so on. In the third column, he notes the number of pages written each day, and the fourth column contains the weekly sum of the daily numbers; these are incorporated into a running tally indicating the total number of pages written. The dates and page counts continue into the four columns to the right of the double rule and onto the following pages.

On first glancing at the working diary, one is struck by the long periods during which Trollope applies himself to his task, seldom going more than a day without writing several pages. His working diary goads him on, for as he admits: "if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there, staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labour, so that the deficiency might be supplied" (A. 100). But equally obvious are several prolonged stretches when Trollope writes no pages at all. On June 1, only a month after beginning The Way We Live Now, the author abandons it for an entire month to write a Christmas story for the Graphic entitled (as the working diary reveals in Trollope's large scrawl) Harry Heathcote of Gangoil. The interruption was apparently anticipated, for Trollope neatly concludes the third number of his large novel on the last day of May and begins again July 3 with the opening of the fourth number. A more pressing deadline for the shorter work would have justified a break in the routine; certainly this was not a holiday.

But at the end of July, Trollope appears to have taken eleven days off, probably for a trip to Scotland mentioned in his letters.[1] He concludes the sixth number on May 30 with Mr. Broune telling Lady Carbury, "I also have something to say to you" (I: 286). A rough "X" crosses off the first week of not writing, followed by four days with no notations (except a crossed out line on August 7, where Trollope accidentally begins recording the pages he writes on August 11). He resumes writing with the opening of number 7 on August 11 with Mr. Broune repeating his declaration and then proposing to the widow. The "record of that idleness" in the working diary must have stirred him to "increased labour," for Trollope then writes steadily for well over a month without a day's respite. And he routinely produces twelve or more pages a day rather than the eight he was averaging before the Scotland break.

From his letters, including one dated September 9 from "Cara Killarney,"[2] it appears that Trollope is writing in Ireland for part of that month. He completes his fourteenth number on September 19 and across the next eleven days scrawls simply "Killarney." When he returns to London October 1, Trollope does not return to writing immediately but spends ten days "Reading my own MS." Perhaps he is re-acquainting himself with his characters after his holiday; perhaps he is deciding in which direction the story should go. A third explanation, one suggested by a letter dated October 9, is that Trollope was "troubled and in some sort unhappy" during this time because he had gone deaf in one ear (Letters 599). Perhaps he just did not feel up to writing and so, rather than ignore his work altogether, chose this opportunity to review the story to date. Again, inspired by these empty days in the working diary, Trollope writes for almost three weeks with only a single day off and averages ten pages each day, bettering the weekly forty pages he cites as usual in his Autobiography (100).

November, however, offers new temptation in the form of one of Trollope's life-long loves. Next to a series of ellipses at November 1 is an "H" which might, of course, stand for almost anything but appears to stand for "hunting," coming as it does at the opening of hunting season.[3] Trollope writes nothing on November 2 but manages a respectable twelve pages on November 3 despite the tiny "H" next to the date. He also manages both to write and to hunt on November 5 and 8, but miniscule "H"s signal idle days on November 7, 10, 11, 15, 18, 19, 25, 28, and 29, as well as on

December 2, 4, 6, and 9.[4] It may be a blessing in disguise that after the "H......." by December 9, another diagonal note (across December 10-16) suggests a "Bad foot"[5] curtails Trollope's hunting and brings him back to his desk from December 17 to December 22, when he finishes The Way We Live Now.

Trollope appears to have numbered the working diary in advance, for the dates continue through the last day of December. Next to December 25 he records his total number of pages, "1280," which he underscores twice. Across December 31 he writes "Way We Live Now" in two lines with an underline. And at the bottom of the page on an upward-slanting diagonal, he notes:

> Completed in 34 weeks (instead of 32) — but five weeks were occupied in Harry Heathcote, and therefore this novel "The way we live now", has been done in 29 weeks --- Dec. 22, 1873 [date underscored].

Trollope's little diary, "with its dates and ruled spaces, its record that must be seen, its daily, weekly demand upon my industry," forces upon him what "the author wants . . . a habit of industry" (A. 102). The idea that "the man who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait till—inspiration moves him" (ibid.) is absurd; the novelist must buckle down to his task like any craftsman. And yet, Trollope contends, when it actually comes to writing, the novelist must take care to capture the product of his inspiration, "the exact feeling with which his mind is impressed at the moment" in which he writes (114).[6] This is accomplished by writing the first draft as the final draft ("If a man knows his craft with his pen, he will have learned to write without the necessity of changing his words or the form of his sentences" [ibid.]); and by focusing on the story rather than on the words that tell it. After all, "a man who thinks much of his words as he writes them will generally leave behind him work that smells of oil" (149), a mechanical construction. Words must come quickly and easily from the writer's pen, "as music comes from the rapid touch of the great performer's fingers" (148). For Trollope this is possible because his story flows naturally from a deep understanding of his characters gleaned through having lived with them in his thoughts.

> I have wandered alone among the rocks and woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with the pen in my hand, and drive my team before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel. (147-48)

Such a philosophy is made manifest in the manuscript of The Way We Live Now, currently in the Pierpont Morgan Library. By and large, Trollope's revisions are minor; he does appear impelled onward at a brisk clip by the pressure of his ideas. One can only agree with John Sutherland's comment that "reading the manuscript is somewhat frustrating for anyone hoping to make startling discoveries" (NCF 487). Alterations are most apt to be grammatical corrections (such as changes from the passive to the active voice) or re-wording for the sake of clarity, brevity or precision. For example, an early reference to Lady Carbury suggests she wants "good payment for bad writing," which is revised to "indifferent writing" (I: 3; my emphasis), bringing this in line with the later acknowledgment that she is clever and "can write after a glib, commonplace, sprightly fashion" (I: 17). And, in describing the timing of Madame Melmotte's ball, Trollope changes "such a ball as this was intended to be could not be given successfully in the middle of the winter when most of the fashionable people were still in the country" to simply "February" (I: 29; my emphasis). This is both more concise and more precise; it also suggests that Trollope may have felt no need to state the obvious.

Trollope also changes proper names. Mr. Broune was originally "Mr. Balfe," a name that evolves into "Alf" for another editor. "That poor unfortunate Mrs. Effington Stubbs" (I: 10), whom Mr. Alf has castigated in a book review, was to have been "Mrs. William Whittington," a name lacking the delightful cadence of Trollope's eventual choice. The publisher, Leadham, was "Latham," which would have eliminated the satiric punch provided by the appellation "Leadham and Loiter." "The Liverpool friend" of Paul Montague becomes "Mr. Ramsbottom," and Trollope reverses a name to have Mr. Flatfleece (rather than Mr. Fleeceflat) take over the floundering Beargarden. Mrs. Hurtle's husband loses the commonplace "John" (perhaps to avoid confusion with John Crumb) and gains the exotic "Caradoc." Such name changes do not appear highly significant; however, they indicate the care which Trollope takes with even minor character names.

Also worth noting are Trollope's revisions to amounts of money. Originally, Mr. Alf is reputed to earn £6,000 from the "Evening Pulpit," but Trollope later writes "12" heavily over the "6" in the manuscript. This is changed back to "6" in the printed version (I: 9), perhaps because the second figure appears ridiculously high.

Another difference between the manuscript and the printed edition concerns a cheque Paul Montague receives for selling railway shares. In the manuscript, Paul gets £575; in the book, this is £625. Possibly Trollope refigured the somewhat complicated mathematics on a second go-round and changed the number on the printed galleys.

Presumably, a discrepancy between the manuscript and the novel in printed form reflects an intermediate change by the author.[7] In one instance, a difference between the manuscript and the printed version appears to have been the fault of a typesetter. In editions from the serial parts on, Sir Felix remarks of Marie Melmotte that

> as a wife she would be "good enough for me." (I: 22)

John Sutherland has suggested that "Felix flippantly quotes the revivalist hymn, 'Give me that old fashioned religion, it's good enough for me'" (Notes 485). But the internal quotation marks -- which give rise to Sutherland's explanation — do not actually appear in the manuscript. Instead, there are two tiny brown flecks in the paper in front of the word, "good," and no closing quotation marks at all. Felix's uncharacteristically clever allusion to a piece of religious music does not exist; and careful proofreading might have made clear from the beginning that the words are all his own.[8]

Not every revision to the manuscript is minor, although major revisions are rare and only one visibly involves substantial rewriting. In chapter 24 ("Miles Grendall's Triumph"), Trollope rewrites an entire paragraph. The original version reads:

> Miles took three or four tiny puffs of smoke, so as to give himself time for thought. Then he leaned forward

> and whispered into the ear of his companion, "You come to me tomorrow in the city and I'll tell you about it all." Then he threw himself back in his chair and smoked away with infectious complacency.
>
> "What time?" asked Sir Felix.
>
> "Any time — two." It need hardly be said that Mr. Miles Grendall had already made up his mind that he need not attend in Abchurch Lane on the following day.

This is crossed out and replaced by a paragraph written in the margin:

> "Will any fellow come upstairs and play a game of billiards?" said Miles Grendall rising from his chair. Then he walked slowly out of the room, leaving Sir Felix to take what revenge he pleased. For a moment Sir Felix thought that he would expose the transaction to the whole room; but he was afraid, thinking that Miles Grendall was a more popular man than himself. (I: 228)

The first version focuses too much on Miles, turning him into a cunning villain and making Felix an innocent dupe. It also leaves the conflict unresolved and creates the need for another scene between Miles and Felix. In the latter version Felix is both weak and clearly in the wrong and the situation is resolved neatly.[9] Trollope also inserts a passage into the following paragraph which focuses additional attention on Felix and his concerns.

> Sir Felix had doubted much as to the propriety of joining the party. What was the use of playing with a man who seemed by general consent to be liberated from any obligation to pay? But then if he did not play with him, where should he find another gambling table? (I: 229)

The insertion makes clear that Felix is too cowardly to go against popular opinion and snub the man who has just bested him, especially as this would prevent him from gambling.

Two other passages are interesting not merely as insertions but also in relation to each other. Chapter 62 closes with Augustus Melmotte pondering his apparently imminent downfall as he looks at the stars and wishes he were "in one of those unknown distant worlds," even as he recognizes that "he must bear his burdens, whatever they were, to the end" (II: 115-16). Here the first version of the chapter ended, but a final sentence is added later, squeezed in above the concluding flourish: "He could reach no place so distant but that he would be known and traced" (II: 116). Practically speaking the sentence is unnecessary, for this chapter is one of the longest in the novel and it seems doubtful that Trollope is trying to lengthen it.

But taken in conjunction with the important revision made at the end of chapter 83, this change may be viewed as having some narrative significance. In the final paragraph of "Melmotte Again At The House," Trollope revises one sentence and adds another to create a startling turn of events. The original chapter concludes with Melmotte's maid-servant finding him on the morning after his drunken fall in the House "asleep upon the floor" of his study at eight o'clock. In the revised version, the maid finds her master at nine o'clock not asleep but "dead upon the floor." Trollope also adds a final sentence, in smaller handwriting (and what may be a different ink), again squeezed in above the final flourish:

> Drunk as he had been,—more drunk as he probably became during the night,—still he was able to deliver himself from the indignities and penalties to which the law might have subjected him by <the use of> a dose of prussic acid.[10]

Perhaps, having killed off Melmotte, Trollope went back through his manuscript to the end of chapter 62 to plant the seeds of destruction, for the sentence he adds to that chapter suggests that for Melmotte there will be no escape.

At least one passage in the original manuscript disappears from the printed editions, possibly, as Sutherland postulates, because it was "overmatter" at the end of a chapter and did not fit into the number (NCF 489). An entire paragraph is deleted at the conclusion of chapter 45 ("Mr. Melmotte Is Pressed For Time"):

> Mr. Longestaffe with a heavy heart returned to the West End knowing that Dolly and Squercum would be in action before long;—feeling also that the utmost offence would be taken by <given to> Mr. Melmotte, if he should receive a lawyers [sic] letter on such a subject. Also he himself was a little anxious about his own money, and almost wished that Mr. Melmotte were not so great a man,—and that the results of the sale might have been settled in the way that had hitherto been usual with <Mr. Longestaffe> himself.

While the passage does not contain vital information it is not entirely superfluous and, as Sutherland points out, "in normal circumstances" the author would undoubtedly not have omitted it.[11]

Both the working diary and the manuscript offer revelations about the author. But just as interesting is the comparison afforded by an opportunity to look at both together, which provides several valuable insights into Trollope's working habits. First, it allows one to see how much the novelist writes each day in terms of the narrative rather than simply the number of MS pages. In the "middle" portion of The Way We Live Now (numbers 7-14, chapters 31-70) which Trollope produces in just six weeks (August 11-September 19), nearly three-quarters of the 40 chapters are composed in a single day, almost as if Trollope sits down each morning determined to produce exactly one chapter. As mentioned previously, he was writing an average of twelve pages per day during this stretch, a higher average than for any other period. This, and the fact that he was writing chapter by chapter, would seem to indicate a sense of control and organization; it also seems to refute Sutherland's claim that "Trollope found this third spell of composition . . . most problematic" (NCF 488). Instead, it appears to be an example of what Trollope discusses in his Autobiography:

> When my work has been quicker done,—and it has sometimes been done very quickly—rapidity has been achieved by hot pressure, not in conception, but in the telling of the story . . . . And I am sure that the work so done has had in it the best truth and the highest spirit that I have been able to produce. (147)

A second revelation is somewhat disconcerting. In the working diary Trollope routinely records writing sixty-four pages per number, and he bases his page counts and total number of [illegible]s on twenty numbers of sixty-four pages. But the manuscript reveals that Trollope frequently stops well short of this, and only numbers 3 and 4 have the requisite sixty-four pages. However, a simple explanation suggests itself. Trollope records in An Autobiography that "as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 250 words" (101). Perhaps, having counted his words, the author realizes he has the equivalent of sixty-four 250-word pages before he reaches his sixty-fourth side.[12] The key to the mathematical gymnastics he must have performed to ensure that he could truthfully say "I have never put a book out of hand short of the number by a single word" (ibid.) may lie in the enigmatic equations scribbled at the conclusion of many numbers, e.g. 64 x 169 at the end of the fifth number (which ended on the sixty-first page) and 65 x 39 at the end of the eighth number (which fell four pages short).[13]

The third insight one gains from comparing the manuscript to the working diary is perhaps the most intriguing. By matching dates to MS pages, one can determine exactly what Trollope wrote when. One can then compare the events of the day with Trollope's narrative. Was he, as some critics have suggested, relying heavily on factual accounts of current personages, happenings, and places to supply characters, incidents and allusions for his novel? How much does reality impinge upon the satiric world of "the way we live now"? Using the manuscript, working diary and contemporaneous newspapers, I attempt to answer these questions in the following chapter.

NOTES: Chapter I

[1] Trollope reports in a letter to Chapman, dated July 13, "I am off to Scotland tonight for ten days" (Letters 592).

[2] From his Letters 597. Another letter tentatively dated September 24 is from Killarney (as is one dated September 24) and asks Chapman, "What did you do with my grouse?" (Letters 598). Perhaps Trollope was in Ireland for the grouse season. A letter dated September 20 is from the "Muckross Hotel" in Killarney (Letters 1013).

[3] This would appear to contradict Sutherland's assertion in his introduction to the Oxford World's Classics paperback edition of The Way We Live Now that at this time the author had "reluctantly, largely curtailed his favourite recreation" (viii).

[4] Trollope also scrawls "Liverpool" diagonally across the days from November ~~10 to~~ 16.

[5] According to a letter dated December 16, this was "a sprained foot, got from a fall" (Letters 603).

[6] In The Novel-Machine, Walter M. Kendrick explains this as "the realist pays no attention to writing while he is doing it. A great deal of care is necessary beforehand, but writing itself should be as close as possible to automatic" (41). This suggests a process both mechanical and inspired since, intentionally or not, it brings to mind the "automatic writing" associated with certain fundamentalist religious sects. Whether this is what Kendrick -- or Trollope -- intends is a matter of speculation.

[7] Trollope claims "it has been my practice to read everything four times at least—thrice in manuscript and once in print. Very much of my work I have read twice in print," although he admits that, "in spite of this, inaccuracies have crept through,—not single spies, but in battalions" (A. 149).

[8] This is certainly not intended as a criticism of Chapman and Hall's skilled typesetters, who made sense of Trollope's often-illegible scrawl and very rarely resorted to querying the author.

[9] Sutherland mentions this revision and finds the second Miles, who "coolly cuts an impotent and outfaced Felix," to be "a striking improvement on the sly Miles of the first passage" (NCF 488).

[10] (Brackets < > indicate words deleted in MS.) Both Sutherland (NCF 486) and Susan L. Humphreys mention this important revision to the MS; Humphreys also suggests that the hour was changed so that the group at the Beargarden could hear the news and "they would not be assembled so early" as eight (58). In "Trollope Changes His

Mind: The Death of Melmotte in The Way We Live Now," P. D. Edwards suggests two appropriate reasons for Melmotte's death to occur at this point. First, Trollope had originally planned to have Melmotte stand trial (according to a preliminary plan for the second volume, now in the Bodleian Library MS Don.c.10), but may have realized "that there had been trial scenes near the end of the last four novels he had written" (90). Second, "by removing Melmotte from the stage well before the end of the novel . . . and by dismissing him so abruptly, he was able to preserve as much as possible of the ambiguity that surrounded his character" (ibid.).

[11] Sutherland mentions other omissions and additions to the ends of chapters and numbers to justify his contention that Trollope was having trouble with this section of the novel and as a result was not writing to fit, as he usually did (NCF 488-89).

[12] Sutherland throws a wrench into the works of this argument by declaring that Trollope "maintains a consistent 28-31 lines and around 250 words per page," but he also claims that "Trollope wrote to a normal number length of 64 of his manuscript pages" (NCF 488), which is not true. There may be no simple, favourable explanation for the discrepancy.

[13] Some others include: 64 x 245 (number 6), 64 x 181 (number 7), 65 x 123 (number 9), 64 x 55 (number 10), 64 x 62 (number 11), 65 + 59 (number 13), 64 x 96 (number 14), and 64 x 235 (number 15). Sutherland is incorrect in claiming that the first part of the sum "is always '64'," but he may be right that these numbers have to do "with fixing an exact number of lines in the printed work" (NCF 488).

Chapter II: Signs of *The Times*

In his introduction to the Bobbs-Merrill edition of *The Way We Live Now*, Robert Tracy declares that both Trollope's title and his task -- "that of exposing 'the commercial profligacy of an age'" -- required of the author "a particularly accurate transcript of the contemporary scene and at least an echo of the major events of the day" (xxii). No one has questioned this, or Tracy's further assertion that "*The Way We Live Now* is so carefully placed in the real London of 1873 that Trollope at times seems simply to have been writing with his daily newspaper open before him" (ibid.). But Tracy's introduction offers only two examples of the novelist's "frequent and minute" reliance on actual events.[1] He points out similarities between an actual visit to London by the Shah of Persia in June and July of 1873 and Trollope's account of a visit by the Emperor of China. He also sees correspondences between Melmotte's crime and the "Bank of England Forgeries" case, (uncovered in March, 1873, and in the news until August) in which four young Americans who swindled the Bank of England out of £102,000 were found guilty and sentenced to transportation for life. As Tracy notes, "the fact that the forgers were Americans coincides with Trollope's general situation of predatory foreigners invading England to involve innocent Englishmen in dubious financial adventures" (xxii).

Tracy's examples are valid but somewhat limited. How closely did Trollope rely on events from "the contemporary scene" in creating his fictional world? Was he indeed writing with his daily newspaper open before him? Fortunately, the existence of Trollope's working diary, in which he recorded the pages of manuscript written on each date, makes it possible to correlate the writing of the novel with The Times' accounts of the news of 1873.[2] Such cross-referencing yields dozens of topical references, lends credence to Tracy's statements, and allows one to ascertain just how closely Trollope's incorporation of such details followed their appearance in The Times.[3] It also enables one to distinguish between two types of topical allusions in The Way We Live Now. The most numerous are minor allusions, such as passing references to actual people or current events, which appear throughout the novel and flavour the narrative with a taste of the here and now that contemporary readers must have appreciated. More rare are the "major" correspondences, similar to the two Tracy points out. These deserve more attention because Trollope has devoted more time to developing them, because they are more important to the novel as a whole, or perhaps simply because they are more interesting. These criteria are rather vague, and it is only by examining these major correspondences that one can understand the role they play in the novel.

The first such major correspondence occurs in Chapter IX, when Trollope introduces Hamilton K. Fisker, a Californian intent on involving Augustus Melmotte in a speculative venture called the South Central Pacific and Mexican Railway.[4] Theoretically, stockholders would be investing in a railroad from Salt Lake City to Vera Cruz, but as Paul Montague learns, "Mr. Fisker seemed to be indifferent whether the railway should ever be constructed or not.

It was clearly his idea that fortunes were to be made . . . before a spadeful of earth had been moved" (I: 77-78). Hamilton K. Fisker is a blatant and unrepentant American swindler. Tracy points out that his name recalls both "the dubious Jim Fisk, an American speculator in gold and railroads" and Hamilton Fish, then United States Secretary of State (Introduction xxiii). Tracy does not mention that Colonel Jim Fisk was in the news in 1873, although he had been killed the previous year. His murderer, Edward Stokes, was tried and found guilty in January, 1873. And, on January 2, 1873, an article in The Times from an American correspondent reported that "Mr. Jay Gould [Fisk's partner] has been brought to terms" (10) in a suit the Erie Railway had filed charging Gould with over-issuing capital stock, repeatedly electing fraudulent Boards of Directors, and unlawfully issuing $10,000,000 in bonds appropriated to himself and his confederates, including Fisk (Annual Register 1872 287).

The connection with Jim Fisk is an obvious one. But why might Trollope give his American con-man the Christian name of the current U.S. Secretary of State, a man with no reputation for fraud or speculation? Perhaps the name had lodged in Trollope's subconscious and slipped out accidentally due to the similarity in surnames. Or perhaps the choice of names was both conscious and deliberate, and Trollope was influenced by a subject that was much in the news during 1873. For over ten years the British and the Americans had been at odds over the "Alabama Claims" controversy. Simply stated, the Americans sought monetary compensation for injuries and destruction during the U.S. Civil War caused by two ships built by the English for the Confederate states. The case was ultimately settled by a joint British-American arbitration commission, which decided against England and ordered her to pay $15,500,000 for damages. Such a settlement was, of course, unpopular and British pride was severely wounded. As Woodward remarks in The Age of Reform, 1815-1870, "British opinion considered this figure outrageously high" (327). Perhaps it is not surprising, then, that Trollope's American swindler should have the Christian name of the man who represented the United States at the arbitration and, in September of 1873, received a certificate of deposit for the equivalent of three million pounds in gold (Times Sept. 23: 8).

While Trollope's primary interest in The Way We Live Now is the world of commerce, he does make an interesting topical reference to religion. His preliminary working notes reveal real prototypes for both Bishop Yeld and Father Barham. The Catholic father is modelled on a priest the author knew who, Trollope confesses, behaved toward him much as Barham does toward Roger Carbury (Letters 645). Next to "Bishop of Elmham" in his preliminary notes Trollope writes "old Longley," referring to Charles Longley, headmaster of Harrow when Trollope went there and later Archbishop of Canterbury (1862-68). Trollope seems to have had fond memories of Dr. Longley, who, he recalls in his Autobiography, "never in his life was able to say an ill-natured word" (13). But, while Robert Tracy views Bishop Yeld as little more than a thinly-disguised Longley, Trollope's Yeld assumes a personality all his own. The real Archbishop of Canterbury showed a decided interest in ecclesiastical politics,[5] while the fictional bishop remains decidedly uninvolved:

> . . . by such clergy of his diocese as were not enthusiastic in their theology either on the one side or the other, he was regarded as a model bishop. By the very high and the very low,—by those rather who regarded ritualism as being either heavenly or devilish,—he was looked upon as a time-server, because he would not put to sea in either of those boats. (I: 148)

"Ritualism" is a key word in this passage. Regarded by its proponents as a means to "set forth the glory of God and the beauty of holiness" through the use of sacramental vestments and ornaments and emphasis on ceremonies and rituals (especially Holy Communion), the ritualist movement was regarded by its opponents as a despicable attempt to "Romanise" the Church of England (Carpenter 213). The movement had been gathering steam for many years,[6] but in 1873 it seems to have built to a head. In early May of 1873 an "anti-ritualist" memorial with the signatures of over 60,000 laymen was presented to the archbishops "protesting against Romish teachings in the Church of England and appealing to the bishops to refuse to ordain, licence or present to benefices any clergymen whose views or practices were infected by it" (Marsh 132). A month later in their reply the archbishops stated, "we do not consider it to be the duty of the bishops to undertake judicial proceedings upon every complaint of a violation of the rubrics, or . . . unsound doctrine" (Irving 1107). An editorial in The Times of June 26 commented on the reply: "It is impossible to interpret such arguments except as so many pleas . . . for official inaction" (11). And a week later, two days after an impassioned meeting of laymen denounced a proposal to introduce confession to the Church, The Times published another editorial, reading in part:

> . . . the temper of the mass of the laity with respect to the excesses of the Ritualists is rising to a heat which threatens a dangerous explosion . . . . It is unavoidable in such circumstances that we should turn to the Bishops and ask if they cannot find some means of averting the danger . . . . [but] the Bishops are content to keep themselves as much aloof as possible from the struggle of opinions, and abandon the Church to the confusion of its stormy controversies. They do not seem to see as yet that the time has come when they must take the rudder in hand if they would avert shipwreck. They must make up their minds in which direction the ship is to be steered, and must direct their Clergy accordingly. (9)

On July 2, then, The Times urges England's bishops to seize the rudder and avoid a shipwreck. On July 3, Trollope begins Chapter XVI ("The Bishop and the Priest"), in which he introduces a bishop "who will not put to sea in either of those boats." The parallel metaphors cannot but lead one to speculate that Trollope had read The Times of the day before and writes with the editorial fresh in his mind. Like his real-life counterparts Bishop Yeld is content to steer clear of church controversy. However, unlike The Times, Trollope does not berate his bishop for standing apart; instead, he pointedly defends him:

> He was an unselfish man, who loved his neighbour as himself, and forgave all trespasses, and thanked God for his daily bread from his heart, and prayed heartily to be delivered from temptation . . . . Whether he was free from, or whether he was scared by, any inward misgivings, who shall say? If there were such he never whispered a word of them even to the wife of his bosom . . . . He was diligent in preaching,—moral sermons that were short, pithy, and useful. He was never weary in furthering the welfare of his clergymen . . . . He laboured at schools, and was zealous in improving the social comforts of the poor; but he was never known to declare to man or woman that the human soul must live or die forever according to its faith. Perhaps there was no bishop in England more loved or more useful in his diocese than the Bishop of Elmham. (I: 148-149)

Trollope's bishop is useful and loved; being a good human being makes him a good bishop. The Bishop of Elmham is a sort of reply to the Times editorial: he is a fictional "case in point" proving that one can be an excellent bishop even if one refuses to take a stand regarding current ecclesiastical controversy.

The source of the most obvious correspondences between fact and fiction in The Way We Live Now has already been mentioned; it is the Shah of Persia's visit in 1873. Tracy discusses this in some detail:

> the state visit of the Emperor of China . . . is dependent for its details and for some of its chronology on the state visit of Nasr-ed-din, Shah of Persia (1848-96), who arrived in London on June 18, 1873, and departed on July 5 . . . . the Shah's program coincided closely with the Emperor's -- a visit to Windsor, a state dinner at the Guildhall . . ., a tour of the City to see English "commercial greatness," a reception at the Foreign Office. Here Trollope . . . . found ready to hand details of a royal visit by an Oriental potentate . . . . (Introduction xxii)

However, Tracy is incorrect in seeing "a connection between the Shah's visit and the activities of commercial speculators," since during his visit the Shah did not, as Tracy suggests, grant "exclusive rights to develop railroads and communications in Persia to Baron Reuter, a foreigner important in the London business world" (xxii). According to Irving's Annals of Our Time, word of arrangements between Reuter and the Shah reached London in mid-May, a month before the Shah arrived in England. Trollope may, however, have been satirizing this enormous concession to Reuter when he wrote of a rumour that Melmotte has entered into terms with the Emperor of China "for farming the tea-fields of that vast country" (I: 412).

In focusing only on the Shah's itinerary Tracy misses other correspondences, such as the fact that the real Emperor of China was in the news during 1873. An article in The Times of January 6 notes that a date has been set for the Emperor to take over from the Regent ruling in his stead, and on June 29 he is reported to have held a brief audience with foreign diplomats. Randolph Bulgin points out that The Cornhill magazine published an article on "The Marriage of the Emperor of China" in January, 1873 (240–41). There is also an intriguing similarity between the reported impassivity of both rulers. Trollope refers to the Emperor's "awful, quiescent solemnity" (II: 41) and later calls him "awful, solid, solemn, and silent" (II: 83). According to an article in The Times, such an imperturbable demeanor would be entirely appropriate:

> a Shah of Persia acknowledges a salute and returns a greeting only by turning his face towards those who offer it, so that what would in reality be a testification of Royal pleasure and satisfaction might seem to unaccustomed eyes a frigid and ungracious demeanour. Impassiveness, too, in general is part of the etiquette of Asiatic Royalty, nor would anything like a demonstrative expression of joy or admiration be thought compatible . . . with the dignity of the sovereign. (June 13: 9)

Trollope may have remembered this when describing his own Far Eastern monarch three months later.

Another apparent correspondence between news and novel provides some grounds for speculation. Trollope's interest in the law is well known, and perhaps it is significant that Melmotte's downfall relates to a legal transaction, his purchase of Pickering Park.[7] The estate is jointly owned by Adolphus and Dolly Longestaffe and, although father and son have never agreed before, they are "brought to terms" by Melmotte (I: 325). What they cannot agree on, however, is the transfer of the property's title-deeds, and Dolly refuses to sign a letter surrendering them before the purchase price is paid in full -- "though Melmotte's note assenting to the terms was security sufficient for any reasonable man" (I: 422). In desperation Melmotte forges Dolly's signature, an act which ultimately leads to his downfall.

In May of 1873 Lord Selbourne introduced "an Act to simplify Titles and facilitate the transfer of land." A Times editorial on May 12 points to the prevalence of jointly-owned property as a major difficulty in implementing the Lord Chancellor's proposed system.

> Land is not usually held here by one person according to a simple title, but by many persons according to a single title . . . . Land in this country is subject to a complex system of mortgage, and a still more complex system of family settlement . . . . [Thus] of the two reasons for a land register commonly advanced neither in this case is easily gained; you cannot easily enable yourself to say . . . who owns the land; and you cannot easily enable the person so owning to transfer, alone and without the consent of others — always difficult and often impossible to obtain -- the ownership of the land when he likes to a purchaser. (9)

Of course one can only speculate, but Trollope may have recalled the salient points of this argument in July when he writes of Melmotte purchasing Pickering Park, or in early September when he writes of Dolly and Mr. Squercum uncovering the forgery. It is not unlikely that Trollope would have taken an interest in legislation connected with the transfer of property since, shortly before the Times editorial appeared, he had purchased a house in Montagu Square. Undoubtedly it is this that lends a tone of genuine envy to the narrator's lament:

> Were I to buy a little property, some humble cottage with a garden, -- or you, O reader, unless you be magnificent -- the money to the last farthing would be wanted, or security for the money more than sufficient, before we should be able to enter in upon our new home. But money was the very breath of Melmotte's nostrils, and therefore his breath was taken for money. (I: 325)

African exploration is another topic that appears to have interested Trollope. Among those invited to Melmotte's dinner for the Emperor of China is "an African traveller" (I: 327) who has earned his invitation "by living through his perils and coming home" (I: 329). The newspapers of 1873 contain countless articles on African explorers such as Dr. Livingstone (who died in early May of that year), Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Samuel Baker. In 1872 Sir Bartle Frere had travelled to Zanzibar to negotiate with the Sultan for the end of the slave trade there, and on May 1 an article in The Times declared:

> the results of Sir Bartle Frere's Mission may not only be the liberation and civilization of Africa, but the letting in of a flood of light on subjects [such as the work habits of "Negroes" in their own countries] which, though England has long been deeply interested in them, she has never hitherto had properly brought home to her. (6)

Sir Bartle Frere may well be Trollope's African traveller, although a better guess might be Sir Samuel Baker.[8] For it is Baker whose adventures filled The Times throughout 1873 -- Baker whose party is rumoured to have been murdered on April 17, Baker whose party is declared safe and well on April 30. And it is a letter from Baker to his brother under the headline "Sir Samuel Baker on the Nile" that appears in The Times on August 14, the day before Trollope writes the section of Chapter XXXV which contains the list of guests for Melmotte's dinner.

Sir Samuel Baker also provides the source for another topical allusion in the novel. A lengthy news item in The Times of July 2 recounts Sir Samuel's role in suppressing the slave trade in Egypt:

> The Khedive [of Egypt] sent for Sir Samuel Baker to command his expedition for the suppression of the slave trade and the extension of his Egyptian dominion. The enterprise was laborious and dangerous, but the intrepid Englishman did not hesitate . . . . the hardships and difficulties of the enterprise have been extreme . . . . (9)

Despite its laudatory tone, The Times article also expresses some skepticism about the outcome of Baker's struggles.

> But in spite of the announcement that Africa as far as the Equator is annexed to the Egyptian dominion, we must take the liberty of thinking the tribes among which Sir Samuel Baker has led his Expedition remain pretty much in their former relation with Egypt and the rest of the world. (ibid.)

Trollope, too, seems to have regarded Baker's achievement with some skepticism, since he presents it virtually intact in a list of Augustus Melmotte's future projects:

> there was the philanthropic scheme for buying the liberty of the Arabian fellahs from the Khedive of Egypt for thirty millions sterling,—the compensation to consist of a territory about four times as big as Great Britain in the lately annexed country on the great African lakes. (I: 412)

Trollope's version makes the irony apparent; Britain "buys" the suppression of slavery with lands that are not hers to concede. In addition, the project's association with Melmotte detracts from its aura of moral righteousness and high achievement. Significantly, Melmotte runs off from a board meeting later in the novel to attend "a meeting of gentlemen connected with the interior of Africa" (I: 429).

While Baker seems a likely candidate for the African traveller, finding an exact prototype for "Dr. Palmoil" poses a problem. Lady Carbury attends a lecture given by Dr. Palmoil and, on returning home, provides a synopsis for her daughter, Hetta: "It seems that if we can only open the interior of Africa a little further, we can get everything that is wanted to complete the chemical combination necessary for feeding the human race" (I: 364). No mention of a lecture on any such scheme receives prominent coverage in the newspaper around the time when Trollope writes this (August 19); however, somewhere in London a Dr. Palmoil may have existed. More probably, Dr. Palmoil represents a type of commercial exploitation that Trollope apparently found distasteful. J.H. Davidson contends in "Anthony Trollope and the Colonies" that the novelist "did not believe in the informal empire of investment beyond or in advance of colonial boundaries" and thought "the settlement colonies were the only legitimate sphere of colonisation" (316-17). He also quotes from Trollope's North America: "any patriotism must be poor which desires glory or even profit for a few at the expense of the many, even though the few may be brothers and the many be aliens" (ibid.). Attempts by men like Dr. Livingstone, Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Samuel Baker to pry open and civilize the African nations — whether the inhabitants desired this or not — would seemingly have met with the author's disapproval.

One of the most obvious instances of the author incorporating real life into The Way We Live Now appears in Chapter L, "The Journey to Liverpool," when Marie Melmotte is intercepted running away to America with Felix Carbury. A "gentleman," whom Mr.

Melmotte has alerted by telegraph, is waiting for Marie at Liverpool station and obliges her to accompany him back to London. At this climactic moment, Trollope inserts the following incongruous paragraph:

> There was certainly no help to be found anywhere. It may well be doubted whether upon the whole the telegraph has not added more to the annoyances than to the comforts of life, and whether the gentlemen who spent all the public money without authority ought not to have been punished with special severity in that they had injured humanity, rather than pardoned because of the good they had produced. Who is benefited by telegrams? The newspapers are robbed of all their old interest, and the very soul of intrigue is destroyed. Poor Marie, when she heard her fate, would certainly have gladly hanged Mr. Scudamore. (I: 471)

Thinly disguising this diatribe as sympathy for Marie, Trollope manages to introduce a scandal which had hit close to home. To understand the allusion, one must go back to 1869 when the State set out to acquire the country's telegraph system under the auspices of the Post Office. A large sum — £7,000,000 — was appropriated for the purchase, but in March of 1871 it was apparent that more would be needed, and Parliament authorized an additional loan of £1,000,000. Exactly a year later, Mr. Scudamore, "the distinguished civil servant to whom the purchase had been entrusted" revealed that £8,200,000 had already been spent and more funds were needed. By 1873 the whole truth was out: the acquisition had cost £800,000 more than the estimates sanctioned by Parliament.

But where had the money come from? In his History of Twenty-Five Years Spencer Walpole explains:

> Mr. Scudamore . . . hit on the expedient of providing the residue out of the balances at the disposal of the Post-master-General. He kept back a portion of the money which ought to have been paid over to the Exchequer, and he kept

> back a portion of the Savings Banks deposits [post offices then also served as banks], which ought to have been transferred to the National Debt Commissioners. (267)

As it turned out, neither the Postmaster-General nor the Chancellor of the Exchequer caught on to Scudamore's misappropriations, and an inquiry made all three officials look badly. Yet, as Trollope comments in the novel, no punishments were meted out. Excerpts from a report by the Committee of Public Accounts published in The Times on July 17, 1873, reveal only that the Committee members "have found it their duty to make . . . unfavourable remarks upon the financial administration of the Post Office and on the proceedings of Mr. Scudamore in connexion therewith" (6). This slap on the wrist was followed by a somewhat more pejorative Times editorial the next day.

> It is indeed difficult to speak harshly of faults which have arisen from the overweening zeal and energy of the offender . . . [as] such qualities are not to be found in too great abundance in our Public Offices . . . . Nevertheless, it is abundantly clear that, whatever sympathy we may feel for Mr. Scudamore, whatever excuses we may find for the breaches of trust of which he has been guilty, his conduct has been too gravely in fault to be passed over without serious comment. (July 18: 9)

One can see from the tirade in The Way We Live Now (written on August 30) that Trollope considers such censure insufficient. Clearly public horsewhipping would have been a more suitable punishment for the man who had brought disgrace to Trollope's beloved Post Office. Moreover, Scudamore was a man towards whom the author undoubtedly harbored hard feelings. As C.P. Snow recounts in Trollope, nearly a decade earlier the position of Under (or Assistant) Secretary at the Post Office had fallen vacant and Trollope had applied for it. However,

> there seems to have been no hesitation. The appointment went to Frank Ives Scudamore, the Post Office Librarian . . . . Trollope considered this decision, and went on considering it, as a monstrous injustice. Scudamore was junior to himself, which to Trollope made the choice an insult . . . . (131-32)

Ten years later Trollope's rancor had not died and, as the passage from his novel shows, he could not refrain from pointing up the failings of one who had years before triumphed over him.

While apparently no one has discussed the telegraph scandal, seemingly everyone has attempted to identify the real-life prototypes or "originals" for Trollope's central character, the villainous Augustus Melmotte. In Enter Rumour: Four Victorian Scandals, R.B. Martin makes a strong case for George Hudson, the infamous railway speculator of the mid-1800s, whose death in December, 1871, may have brought "the Railway King" to mind. In Melmotte Martin sees "the imaginatively lengthened shadow of George Hudson, a man already bigger than life" (241) and, like Melmotte, an elected member of Parliament.[10] Supporting Martin's contention (although he appears unaware of it) is the fact that the illustrations for The Way We Live Now portray Melmotte as physically very like the infamous Hudson [see Appendix 2]. A description of Hudson is provided by one of his contemporaries:

> his frame is naturally broad and massive, with a tendency to develop every way but upwards. He is scarcely of the middle height, and very rotund; but his chest is broad and well thrown out, and though ungainly . . . in his figure and movements, he is strong, active and muscular . . . . His head is a formidable-looking engine . . . . The face carries a whole battery; the eyes quick and piercing, the mouth firm, a characteristic of resolution. The whole aspect is far removed from the ideal standard of Caucasian beauty, but it is stamped with power. (Lambert 127)

One can compare this to the description in the novel of Melmotte as "a large man, with bushy whiskers and rough thick hair, with heavy eyebrows, and a wonderful look of power about his mouth and chin" (I: 31), as well as to Lionel Fawkes' drawings. Fawkes may have recognized a parallel between the two men himself. But a more likely explanation would seem to be that Trollope mentioned the correlation, perhaps even suggesting Fawkes use Hudson as a model for Melmotte.

Many critics point to similarities between Melmotte and _Little Dorrit_'s Mr. Merdle, whom Dickens admitted modelling after John Sadleir, an Irish swindler who stole between £200,000 and £400,000 from the Irish bank he had founded.[11] Sadleir was uncovered in 1856 and committed suicide with prussic acid -- à la Melmotte -- on Hampstead Heath (Merdle commits suicide by cutting his wrists). Both P.D. Edwards (_AT_ 105n) and N. John Hall (_NZ_ xxxviii) provide evidence that the prototype was Sadleir himself rather than Merdle, since Trollope had earlier alluded to Sadleir in both _The Three Clerks_ and the revised version of _The New Zealander_ written in 1855-1856.

To the list Robert Tracy adds Henry Fauntleroy, a London banker who, like Melmotte, forged a power of attorney (Introduction xxv). According to the _Dictionary of National Biography_ Fauntleroy committed many forgeries and fraudulent stock transfers in order to keep his bank afloat. Found guilty of these crimes he was hanged on November 30, 1824, "before a crowd which was estimated to number a hundred thousand people" (6: 1113). But what could have brought

Fauntleroy to mind? Trollope was only nine years old when the banker was executed fifty years before. The man might simply have occurred to the novelist as he pondered the great commercial frauds of his age, but a more likely possibility suggests itself. Two days after a verdict was reached in the Bank of England forgeries case, the following comments appeared in a Times editorial:

> Since the trial of Fauntleroy, in 1824, no case of forgery has created so great a sensation as that just terminated . . . . Fauntleroy's achievements . . . surpassed those of the American forgers . . . . He is said to have actually embezzled no less than £400,000 . . . . and he had carried on his nefarious practices undetected and unsuspected for years together . . . . The police found in his desk a detailed account of transactions involving sums to the amount of £120,000 . . . . [of which] all the money had been realized by sale of stock belonging to other parties . . . through forged powers of attorney . . . . Fauntleroy had no accomplices. He simply committed one forgery after another . . . until he was discovered . . . . He needed but two qualities for the conduct of the business — dishonesty and audacity. (Aug. 29, 1873: 7)

Surely this item was fresh in Trollope's mind when, little more than a week later, he first introduced the word "forgery" in connection with Melmotte. Chapter LIX ("Mr. Squercum is Employed") was written on September 7 and includes the lawyer's discovery of the forged power of attorney used to release the title-deeds for Pickering Park. As late as August 25, Trollope had written that Melmotte had yet to pay for the estate, but not until after the Times editorial mentions Fauntleroy does the reader hear rumours of forgery, and not just related to Pickering Park:

> other tidings were told as to other properties. Houses in the East-end of London were said to have been bought and sold, without payment of the purchase money as to the buying, and with receipt of the purchase money as to the selling. (II: 72)

Fauntleroy seems one likely prototype for Trollope's swindler and a better source for Melmotte's crime than the Bank of England forgers, although they may have suggested to Trollope the idea of Melmotte being a foreigner.

John Sutherland's introduction to the Oxford World's Classics paperback edition of the novel provides yet another "historical original" for Melmotte _in_ the shape of Charles Lefevre. Lefevre, "who may or may not have been a Frenchman" (his origins like Melmotte's are shrouded in mystery), dreamed up a stock scheme to raise money for loans to fund the Interoceanic Railway in Honduras. However, "in May 1872 the great railway was abandoned with no more than fifty miles laid . . . and Honduras loan stock fell through the floor" (xx). Like Melmotte, Lefevre had "over-reached himself," but unlike Melmotte he lived to enjoy his ill-gotten gains and "by June 1872 he was safely abroad with a million pounds in his pocket" (ibid.).

In his chapter on _The Way We Live Now_ in _Trollope's Later Novels_, Robert Tracy suggests still another possible original for Melmotte. He claims Trollope "uses incidents from Disraeli's career" in characterizing the scoundrel, for "it was common knowledge that Disraeli, early in his career, had speculated in dubious Anglo-Mexican mining shares . . . . He was also supposed to have once addressed the House of Commons while drunk" (159n). Whether or not Trollope was drawing consciously from Disraeli, the Conservative politician was a prominent figure in 1873, a year of shifting political sands. Gladstone, the Liberal prime minister, had announced the resignation of his government on March 13 after the defeat of his Irish University Bill. Asked by the queen to form a Conservative government Disraeli declined, explaining that such a government would be ineffectual in the existing House of Commons. On March 17 Gladstone announced that he would form another government at the queen's request, although aware his ministry had been critically weakened. What ensued was a sort of "Conservative reaction," with Conservatives elected in increasing numbers in parliamentary by-elections. The ultimate result was the formation of Disraeli's Conservative ministry in early 1874.

Trollope has much to say on this Conservative reaction in The Way We Live Now. Although describing himself in the Autobiography as "an advanced, but still a Conservative-Liberal" (243), he appears to have been decidedly more of the latter than the former. Willingly he hands Melmotte over to the Conservatives as their candidate for Westminster, and although the Liberals end up with no better man in their candidate, Mr. Alf, at least he is not a swindler. Trollope also devotes a lengthy passage at the beginning of Chapter LIV, "The India Office," to what is essentially an account of the ongoing Conservative reaction.

> The Conservative party at this particular period was putting its shoulder to the wheel,—not to push the coach up any hill, but to prevent its being hurried along at a pace which was not only dangerous, but manifestly destructive . . . . Who knows what may not be regained if the Conservative party will only put its shoulder to the wheel . . . . A long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether,—and the old day will come back again . . . . If only Mr. Melmotte could be got in for Westminster it would be manifest that the people were sound at heart, and that all the great changes which had been effected in the last forty years,—from the first reform in Parliament down to the Ballot,—had been managed

> by the cunning and treachery of a few ambitious men. (II: 31-32)

Trollope then directs a snide remark at the ballot — "Not, however, that the Ballot was just now regarded by the [Conservative] party as an unmitigated evil . . . . The Ballot might perhaps help the long pull and the strong pull" (ibid.). The ballot had been placed on the Statute Book in 1872 after passage of an act introduced by the Liberals, and it was in use for elections in 1873. Many, like Spencer Walpole, regarded the secret ballot as having "unquestionably done much to secure the independence of the voter and the tranquillity and purity of elections" (228). But in An Autobiography, Trollope declares his hatred for the measure:

> Undue influence on voters is a great evil from which this country had already done much to emancipate itself by extended electoral divisions and by an increase of independent feeling. These, . . . and not secret voting, were the weapons by which electoral intimidation should be overcome. (252)

As the Liberal government teetered on the edge of collapse, brought down by unpopular legislation, scandal and — as Trollope thought — the ballot, the author incorporated his analysis of the fall into his novel.[12]

Near the close of the novel, after Melmotte's fall, his daughter must decide what to do with herself. Ever practical, Mr. Fisker proposes marriage after ascertaining the extent of Marie's fortune. She, made cautious by over-exposure to English heiress-hunters, hesitates to commit herself but is finally swayed by practical considerations.

> [Marie] had contrived to learn that, in the United States, a married woman had greater power over her own money than in

> England, and this information acted strongly in Fisker's favour . . . . "And then," said [Mr. Fisker], pleading his cause not without skill, "the laws regulating women's property there are just the reverse of those which the greediness of man has established here. The wife there can claim her share of her husband's property, but hers is exclusively her own. America is certainly the country for women,—and especially California." (II: 453)

Fisker's final statement is definitely correct, as Trollope may have known from an article which appeared in The Times on March 3:

> In California a new code has been recently adopted which makes important and radical changes in the law of marriage. The new code does away with the legal fiction that a man and his wife are one person, places them on a footing of thorough equality, providing that they may enter into contracts with and sue each other the same as if they had never been married. (4)

Not until 1882 would the second Married Women's Property Act "[grant] to married women for the first time in England rights of separate ownership over every kind of property, assimilating them in this respect to the unmarried" (Ensor 86).

Almost more than these major correspondences, Trollope's numerous minor allusions do much to give the novel a sense of time and place. Generally too brief to discuss in much detail, they deserve at least to be mentioned, since the author's attention to such fine points would not have gone unnoticed by his contemporaries. It is difficult to group these minor allusions since, like the broader references, they span a wide range of topics. Some are vague, as when the rather sordid negotiations for Marie Melmotte are compared to the betrothals of royalty.

> As in royal espousals interests of State regulate their expedience with an acknowledged absence, with even a proclaimed impossibility, of personal predelictions, so in this case was money allowed to have the same weight. (I: 32)

Two marriages between European royalty had been announced little more than two weeks before Trollope wrote this on May 6. On April 19, Prince Albrecht of Prussia married Princess Mary of Saxe Altenburg in Berlin; on April 20, Prince Leopold of Bavaria wed Princess Gisela, daughter of the Emperor of Austria (Irving 1100).

Many facts mentioned casually in the novel are corroborated by The Times. For example, Trollope twice refers to Fisker's South Central Pacific and Mexican Railway as the "Mexican Railway Company" (I: 87; I:353). This may have been a simple slip or an abbreviation; however, a Mexican Railway Company did exist in 1873 and The Times' "Railway Intelligence" column on January 1 reported that the line being built from Mexico City to Vera Cruz (part of the fictional railway's route) was to be opened in early January (7).[13] Later in the novel, Melmotte comments to Mr. Broune, that "it was over 70 in the city to-day. I call that hot for June" (I: 281). Several days in June had afternoon temperatures around 70°F (Times July 7: 6); on July 28, the day before Trollope wrote that conversation, the temperature had climbed to 74°F (Times Aug. 1: 6). And when arranging the elopement Marie Melmotte tells Felix Carbury to take passage on "the 'Adriatic' — that's a White Star boat, [which] goes on Thursday week at noon" (I: 385). One need only look at the classified advertisements in any issue of The Times during 1873 to read:

> WHITESTAR LINE — U.S. MAIL STEAMERS, Liverpool to New York, every Thursday; Queenstown, Friday. The splendid vessels of this line, collectively the fastest in the world, are uniform in size and completeness of their appointments. Cabins amidships, luxuriously furnished. . . .[14]

Many minor topical references are clustered around the account of the Emperor's visit. In real life, a baronetcy was conferred on London's Lord Mayor in connection with the Shah's visit, apparently because all went well. In the fictional version, the Lord Mayor has "set his face against" the idea of a private dinner for the Emperor chez Melmotte and receives his baronetcy as appeasement. The dinner's guest list offers the most room for speculation. The "African traveller" has been discussed, but who are the "three wise men, two poets, . . . two Royal Academicians, [and] three editors of papers" (I: 327)? Trollope provides some clues (I: 329): "The wise men were chosen by their age." Using this criterion, Carlyle, then seventy-eight, would surely have been one of the wise men. "The poet laureate was of course asked, and the second poet was as much a matter of course" identifies Tennyson and Browning as the two poets. For the "only two Academicians who had in this year painted royalty" real-life analogues have yet to be uncovered. However, a May 5 article in The Times (entitled "Dinner at the Royal Academy" and appearing several days after the opening of the annual exhibit) mentions a series of drawings of the Prince of Wales by "Mr. Zichy, a Russian artist of eminence" and "a portrait of the Princess of Wales, painted by a Danish artist" (8). Only one of the three editors receives individual notice: "But why was Mr. Booker there? Was it because he had praised the Prime Minister's translation of Catullus?" According to Trollope's preliminary notes, Booker's prototype was Alexander Innes Shand (1832-1907), a journalist and critic who wrote prolifically for The Times, Blackwood's, and the

Saturday Review. Sutherland points out that Gladstone was not only Prime Minister in 1873 but also a classical scholar whose Translations (written with Lord Lyttleton) came out in 1863 (Notes 488).[15]

Two topical allusions in The Way We Live Now refer to Canada. Included in the list of Melmotte's ventures "for enabling young nations to earn plentiful bread by the moderate sweat of their brows" is "the contemplated line from ocean to ocean across British America [which] would become a fact in his hands" (I: 412). Later, Miles Grendall keeps Mr. Longestaffe waiting for hours while Melmotte supposedly meets with "a deputation from the Canadian Government" (II: 22). There can be little doubt that Trollope alludes to the "Canadian Pacific Railway scandal," which was in the news in 1873. Briefly, the Canadian premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, was accused of accepting money from Sir Hugh Allan and his American partners to aid in controlling the Ontario elections. In return, Allan and his company were granted a charter for the Canadian Pacific Railway. On April 2, charges were made against Allan in the Canadian Parliament and, after much arguing back and forth about rights, wrongs and what had actually taken place, Parliament was prorogued suddenly on August 14 and a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the Canadian Pacific Railway. On October 23, the CPR surrendered its charter and Sir John Macdonald eventually resigned on November 5. When Trollope writes of the line across British America and the Canadian deputation on August 24 and September 2 respectively, the scandal would still have been "hot."[16]

Melmotte's schemes include at least two that are purely fictional. One is another railway, this one from Moscow to Khiva for the Russians. Again, this would be an appropriately topical reference since, after a prolonged battle, Khiva had fallen to the Russians on May 18. On June 11 it was reported that the Russian troops took forty-four days on foot to reach Khiva; after a hike like this they might well have been prepared to let Melmotte build a railroad. And Sutherland explains that, while the first submarine telegraph was laid in 1865-6 across the Atlantic, it was not Melmotte's "submarine wire from Penzance to Point de Galle, round the Cape of Good Hope" (I: 412), a fantastic project supposed to enable England to communicate with India in case of war (Notes 490).

Peabody and Baird, the two philanthropists whose examples Melmotte determines not to follow ("he had seen how small good was done by the Peabodys and the Bairds" [I: 412]), were very real. On August 5, James Baird is reported to have made a gift of £500,000 to the established church of Scotland "to assist . . . in the work of carrying the Gospel to the homes and hearts of all" (Irving 1114). George Peabody was not so immediately topical (he had died in 1869) but his story has an interesting bearing on Melmotte's character. Peabody was, in a sense, the antithesis of Melmotte. Like Melmotte he was born the son of poor parents in America; however, unlike Melmotte he gained his incredible wealth through hard work as well as business acumen. He, too, moved to England, but rather than stealing from the British Peabody made enormous donations to charity, including £500,000 for the construction of public housing for the poor. For Trollope's contemporary readers, Melmotte undoubtedly appeared a horrible blackguard when contrasted with Peabody and Baird.[17]

Two allusions make reference to political situations in foreign countries. Discussing Melmotte's vast political ignorance in Chapter LIV, Trollope remarks that "He had not even reflected how a despotic monarch or a federal republic might affect himself, and possibly did not comprehend the meaning of those terms" (II: 34). These were certainly terms with which the French would have been familiar, as Republicans and Monarchists struggled to form a stable government in that country. Commenting on the situation, an editorial in *The Times* noted "Republicanism and Monarchy have become, as it were, simple electioneering topics" (Sept. 1: 9). One certainly hears echoes of this in the sentence above, which Trollope writes two days later. Trollope also brings German politics into the novel in his comparison of Bismarck to Herr Vossner, crooked purveyor for the Beargarden.

> In a week the Beargarden collapsed,—as Germany would collapse for a period if Herr Vossner's great compatriot were suddenly to remove himself from the scene; but as Germany would strive to live even without Bismarck, so did the club make its new efforts. But here the parallel must cease. Germany no doubt would at last succeed, but the Beargarden had received a blow from which it seemed that there was no recovery. (II: 430)

Bismarck was in the news in 1873. Irving's *Annals* report that on July 10, 1873, "Prince Bismarck ceases to be a member of the Prussian cabinet" (1110), having stepped down from the Prussian premiership seven months earlier.

A last allusion would seem to make reference to Disraeli and his political policies. After Melmotte is elected, it is hoped that he might become "as it were a Conservative tribune of the people, —"

> that he might be the realization of that hitherto hazy mixture of Radicalism and old fogyism, of which we have lately heard from a political master, whose eloquence has been employed in teaching us that progress can only be expected from those whose declared purpose is to stand still. (II: 171)

Searching through newspapers from around the date when Trollope wrote this (September 17) yields no specific instance of Disraeli espousing such a policy, but Anthony Wood discusses in more general terms the Conservative leader's political stance:

> The major problem that confronted Disraeli [in the period prior to 1874] was the definition of policy, and he never did much more than take refuge in a vague creed of "popular Toryism." In his early days in politics he had been much affected by the "Young England" movement, a romantic conception of an alliance between the aristocracy and the people, and now he attempted to mold a party doctrine which would include "the improvement of the condition of the people" together with the "maintenance of institutions" and "the preservation of the Empire." (290)

In this one can see some signs of the "mixture of Radicalism and old-fogyism" that seems to have greatly irked Trollope.[18]

Trollope's use of both major and minor references to actual people and events, some of them in the news as he writes about them, lends much support to Tracy's assertion that the novelist was providing an accurate transcript of the contemporary scene. However, by and large, Trollope is incorporating topical references well after their appearance as news items in the daily paper, suggesting he did not routinely rely on his newspaper as a source of inspiration. One must also give Trollope credit for more creativity than Tracy seems to, for what John Butt says of Dickens in

"Topicality in Little Dorrit" appears to hold true for Trollope as well:

> It is not that Dickens required the notorieties of the mid eighteen-fifties to provide him with episodes and characters for his novel; it is rather that he had already taken imaginative stock of the situation when some fresh event occurred to confirm his diagnosis and to supply him with an illustrative example. (8)

The lapse between actual incidents and their reappearance (in whatever form) in the manuscript may probably be accounted for by Trollope's acknowledged need to "live with" his characters before he could write confidently about them (A. 194). In the time that Trollope was co-habiting with his creations, current events may well have penetrated his consciousness, enabling him to draw on these events later when they are needed in the novel. The extended thinking phase not only made possible Trollope's rapid writing but also incorporated the sense of current events that would eventually change "the Carbury novel" into The Way We Live Now.

Trollope uses his allusions not simply to give this novel the flavour of 1873. The connection of Melmotte with contemporary scandals such as the Canadian Pacific Railway affair, the contrast between Melmotte and outstanding businessmen like Peabody and Baird, even peripheral references to the telegraph scandal and the exploitation of Africa, add verisimilitude to his portrait of "the commercial profligacy of an age." As Tony Tanner explains in "Trollope's The Way We Live Now: Its Modern Significance," Trollope is low on the kind of imagination which Dickens uses to vivify and transform London. But this very lack of imagination becomes a strength in that it allows Trollope to develop "the illusion of factual authenticity." This is important to the reader since,

> because it all seems so usual, to read it is to assent to its high degree of plausibility. This is why Trollope could give it that shamingly involving title, the way we live now. He knew that . . . his readers would react more with recognition than surprise . . . to the world of the book and that they would find it difficult to dodge the ambiguous and accusing 'we' . . . . It seems as though he is reporting something, not inventing something. (260)

And this, according to Tanner, "is surely why his book was disliked so much" (ibid.). Through the use of topical allusions, both major and minor, Trollope creates an inescapable sense that the world of his novel, exaggerated though it may be, is indeed "the way we live now."

NOTES: Chapter II

[1] Tracy also suggests actual people as originals for several characters but makes no attempt to link them with the daily news of 1873. His annotations throughout the novel suggest other topical allusions but do not correlate them with current news items.

[2] Tracy does not mention having access to either the working diary or the manuscript.

[3] I have no proof that The Times was Trollope's daily newspaper but this seems highly likely since it was the best daily in London at the time and Trollope does mention it, at least in relation to reviews of his novels, in his autobiography.

[4] Actually, Hamilton K. Fisker appears even earlier, although only as a name, in the preliminary list of characters Trollope appears to have drawn up before beginning the novel. Both John Sutherland ("Trollope at Work on The Way We Live Now") and Tracy in his introduction to the Bobbs-Merrill edition include a transcription of this preliminary character list, and Sutherland discusses it in some detail.

[5] In 1867 Gladstone had to dissuade Longley from introducing a bill related to reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts which Wilberforce recognized would "throw over the rights of congregations, the discretion of Bishops and the liberty of the Church for all future expansion" (Carpenter 228).

In his notes for the Oxford paperback edition of the novel, John Sutherland also mentions that "ritualism was a live issue at this period" (486).

[6] In Victorian People and Ideas, Richard Altick explains the links between ritualism and the Oxford (or Tractarian) Movement, which began in 1833 "as a protest against political events and tendencies which men like Pusey, John Keble, and John Henry Newman interpreted as foreshadowing the complete subservience of the Church to temporal power" (209). In part, the Oxford movement "concentrated upon the long-neglected spirituality of religion" (211) and "called upon the individual to humble himself before the corporate Church through whose sacraments Christ's truth was proclaimed" (215). But, as Altick notes, "the leading Tractarians were themselves largely indifferent to ritualism" and it was only through "a group of 'ecclesiologists' . . . [who] were encouraging interest in old church architecture and appointments" that "the two streams more or less merged" in the eighteen-forties (ibid.).

[7] Trollope's interest in the law is well documented in R. D. McMaster's Trollope and the Law.

The commercial king backed by nothing more than rumours and illusions is bound to lose in a conflict with the solid and real.

As Juliet McMaster notes in "Trollope's Country Estates,"

> It is appropriate that Melmotte, who can so successfully juggle shares in the realm of high finance, comes to grief when he plays fast and loose in the purchase of a country estate . . . . The speculator in fictional companies comes to grief when he handles real estate at last. (79)

[8] Although Baker did not return to London until October 9.

[9] Sutherland's notes for the Oxford paperback edition suggest "this may refer to General Gordon's attempt to annex Uganda in 1874; or, as Robert Tracy's note suggests [in the Bobbs-Merrill edition], to Ismail's [the Egyptian Khedive's] annexations in the same area" (490).

[10] Martin also makes a good case for Bell's novel, The Ladder of Gold (1850), as a source for the Hudson myth and an inspiration for Trollope. Other possible literary sources include Maturin's Melmoth the Wanderer (1820) and Bulwer-Lytton's play The Lady of Lyons (1838), whose hero is Claude Melnotte (Tracy Intro, xxvii).

[11] This is noted in Butt's "Topicality in Little Dorrit" (89).

[12] Ensor explains the Liberals' downfall as a direct result of a single act by the home secretary, Henry Bruce, who in 1871 "introduced his first and most drastic Licensing Bill. It raised a storm of opposition from the publicans and the liquor trade generally . . . . in 1872 he tried again, and passed a weaker and yet still a very contentious act . . ." (20). As a result:

> From midsummer 1871 till the dissolution of 1874 nearly every public-house in the United Kingdom was an active committee-room for the conservative party. The consequences of this upon actual voting . . . probably outweighed all the other factors in the government's unpopularity . . . . Money, workers and support of every kind flowed to [the conservative party] inexhaustibly from the liquor trade. (21-22)

[13] Another fraudulent railway scheme was in the news just six weeks before Trollope began the novel, according to Sutherland. The Illustrated London News reported that "the trial of the promoters of the notorious 'Transcontinental Memphis-Pacific Railway Company' is exciting great interest in the Paris financial world" (Intro, xxi). The "bubble company" had been formed by a New Yorker named General Fremont (who may be yet another original for Melmotte); it collapsed in 1870 without laying a single rail but not without relieving French financiers of no less than £800,000 (ibid.).

[14] Sutherland's notes in the Oxford paperback edition point out that the Oceanic Steam Company began running a steamer line between Liverpool and New York in 1870 with "a new fleet of ships . . . of unequalled comfort and speed" (489).

[15] Was it an amazing coincidence or life imitating art when Shand published a novel called Fortune's Wheel in 1886? Did he remember Lady Carbury's Wheel of Fortune?

[16] Sutherland mentions the scandal only briefly and does not point out the direct links between Trollope's mentions of the Canadian railway and its appearance in the newspapers of 1873 (490).

[17] Sutherland also mentions these topical allusions in his notes (489-90).

[18] In Trollope and Politics John Halperin cites Disraeli's "prolonged flirtation with the Radicals in his constant battle against the stronger Liberals" as an example of the leader's resorting to measures politically expedient rather than reflective of a consistent policy (171).

Chapter III: "Many Figures on a Canvas"

A novel, Anthony Trollope declares in An Autobiography, "should give a picture of common life enlivened by humour and sweetened by pathos," a canvas made worthy of the reader's attention by being "crowded with real portraits" (107). Plot must take a back seat to characters, according to Trollope, yet it is needed as a "vehicle" to keep the story moving. A novel may even have more than one plot, but the "subsidiary plots . . . shall all tend to the elucidation of the main story, and . . . will take their places as part of one and the same work" (199). This is a crucial point for Trollope the artist, determined that although "there may be many figures on a canvas . . . [they] shall not to the spectator seem to form themselves into separate pictures" (ibid.).

Such a Brueghelesque conception of the novel as a canvas crowded with figure groups and yet unified suggests a problem inherent in writing a novel such as The Way We Live Now.[1] Multiple plots and groups of characters are needed to fill a canvas of this magnitude (1280 manuscript pages), and yet all must be connected, not merely by spatial proximity but also by a shared purpose: "the elucidation of the main story." In addition, a novel intended for serial publication, as was The Way We Live Now, would pose further problems for the author. As Butt and Tillotson note in Dickens at Work, "the design and purpose of the novel had to be kept constantly in view; but the writer had also to think in terms of the identity of the serial number, which would have to make its own impact" (15).

Butt and Tillotson identify other problems entailed in writing for serial publication.

> Incident and interest had . . . to be evenly spread . . . . Chapters must be balanced within a number both in respect of length and of effect. Each number must lead, if not to a climax, at least to a point of rest; and the rest between numbers was necessarily more extended than what the mere chapter divisions provide. The writer had also to bear in mind that his readers were constantly interrupted for prolonged periods, and that he must take this into account in his characterization and, to some extent, in his plotting. (15)

And as Mary Hamer has pointed out, "the serialist's very awareness of his special problems could work against him: in the attempt to counteract the divisive effect of his form the novelist might be tediously repetitive" (RES 170). Trollope also recognizes this, although his perspective is that of the author writing to sell:

> The production of novels in serial form forces upon the author the conviction that he should not allow himself to be tedious in any single part . . . . [T]he writer when he embarks on such a business should feel that he cannot afford to have many pages skipped out of the few which are to meet the reader's eye at the same time. Who can imagine the first half of the first volume of Waverley coming out in shilling numbers? (A. 122)

This is not to say that there was nothing to counterbalance the disadvantages of serial publication. Hamer contends that by skillful use of the form's "great strength . . . its groupings of chapters and its recurrent minor emphases," a writer could "guide the reader in interpreting the novel" (RES 170). Serialization also carved many a behemoth into digestible chunks, probably encouraging both reader interest and continued sales. And, of course, financial motives cannot be ignored. For the twenty-part work which would become The Way We Live Now, Chapman and Hall agreed to pay Trollope

£3,000, the most he had earned for a novel since He Knew He Was Right in 1869 (£3,200) and more than he would get for any subsequent book.

But, heartening as the prospect of such financial reward would be, it must have seemed far in the future as Trollope sat down that first morning in May, 1873. The challenge of writing a large novel for serialization must have been of more immediate concern. How could he make each number work on its own? More importantly, how could he bind all the parts, published over almost two years, into a cohesive, coherent whole? That Trollope succeeds at the latter is not in dispute for, as Jerome Thale comments, "the Trollope novel is the very opposite of the long comic strip, purely episodic; it is like a vast mural" (149). However, although he left extensive working notes for the novel, Trollope reveals nothing of the means by which he would achieve both aims. These are for the spectator, puzzling over this huge, crowded canvas, to uncover.

Trollope's desire to keep the dimensions of his novel in front of him as he wrote is clear from the calculations with which he heads his working diary: "20 numbers. 64 pages each number. 260 words each page." The 64-page number, which Trollope had last used eight years earlier in Can You Forgive Her? (Sutherland, NCF 474), is here divided, not into four chapters as it had been previously, but into five. According to Hamer,

> the significance of Trollope's moving toward a number broken down into an increased number of chapters lies . . . in the increased flexibility this would allow him in handling his material. It would allow him to develop more different topics or narrative strands without awkward changes of scene within the chapter. (YES 186)

Trollope certainly takes advantage of the flexibility offered by a five-chapter number. Frequently, he covers developments in three or more of the novel's plot lines in a single serial part, preventing it from seeming isolated or episodic. Such diversity becomes most evident in the middle of the novel, after the author has woven together the many narrative strands and before any of the plots have been resolved. In the eighth number, for example, the first chapter (36) details Lady Carbury's rejection of Mr. Broune's marriage proposal. Chapter 37 describes a meeting of the South Central Pacific and Mexican railway board of directors, a subsequent meeting between Melmotte and Felix Carbury about Marie, and a card game at the Beargarden. Chapter 38 opens with Paul Montague worrying about his promise to Mrs. Hurtle and closes with him on the verge of declaring his love to Hetta Carbury when her mother and cousin arrive. In chapter 39, Lady Carbury scolds Hetta for encouraging Paul; Roger Carbury and Paul leave and discuss Mrs. Hurtle, the railway and the runaway, Ruby Ruggles, whom Paul then encounters at Mrs. Hurtle's lodgings. The final chapter (40) of the number involves a meeting between Paul and Melmotte, who attempts to bribe and then to bully the young man into "unanimity" at the railway board. In this number, Trollope advances the plots concerning Lady Carbury, Paul Montague, and Felix Carbury; he brings in Melmotte, the railway scheme, the Beargarden, Mrs. Hurtle, Hetta Carbury, and Ruby Ruggles; and he changes the scene no fewer than nine times.

More interesting than the sheer number of plot threads Trollope pulls into this number is the skill with which he weaves them together. Looking again at the eighth number one sees that the idea of a marriage proposal, introduced with Lady Carbury in chapter 36, reappears in chapter 38 as Paul struggles inwardly over the rash proposal he once made to Mrs. Hurtle and the proposal he wishes to make to Hetta. Paul and Roger's conversation in chapter 39 joins Paul's worries about Mrs. Hurtle from the previous chapter with his doubts about the railway business from chapter 37, due to reappear in the following chapter. In chapter 40, Melmotte's unsuccessful attempt to bribe Paul into passive acquiescence recalls his apparently successful attempt to bribe Sir Felix to leave Marie alone earlier in the number. This careful interweaving of story lines allows Trollope to turn five short, seemingly disparate, chapters into an integrated serial part.

Trollope also takes advantage of the possibilities offered by flexible chapter length. While sixty-seven of the hundred chapters are between eight and eleven pages long[2] — with twenty-eight chapters having nine pages each — only four chapters are less than six pages long: "After the Ball" (5), "Ruby Ruggles Hears a Love Tale" (18), "Ruby a Prisoner" (48), and "Lady Monogram Prepares for the Party" (61). The practical rationale for these shorter chapters would be that they free pages for other chapters in the number. And Numbers 1 and 13, in which short chapters 5 and 61 appear, do contain two of the longest chapters in the novel (4 and 62), both approximately fourteen pages long.[3] "Madame Melmotte's Ball" (4) introduces the fraudulent financier and his family and recounts the rumors in circulation about the great man's shady past. It shows the impoverished aristocrat, Lord Alfred Grendall, toadying to Melmotte; Paul flirting with Hetta; Marie Melmotte falling in love with Felix; and Lady Carbury currying favor with the odious Mr. Alf. Not only are the events significant: this first look at Melmotte produces an impression that lasts for much of the novel.

> It was said that he had made a railway across Russia, . . . that he had supplied Austria with arms, and had at one time bought up all the iron in England. He could make or mar any company by buying or selling stock, and could make money dear or cheap as he pleased. All this was said of him in his praise, — but it was also said that he was regarded in Paris as the most gigantic swindler that had ever lived; . . . that he had endeavoured to establish himself in Vienna, but had been warned away by the police; and that he had at length found that British freedom would alone allow him to enjoy, without persecution, the fruits of his industry. (I: 31)

Perhaps it is only coincidence that the other long chapter in the novel centers on the other grand affair which Melmotte hosts. "The Party" (62) describes Melmotte's reception for the Emperor of China ("The Dinner" is in chapter 59). For the first time, as Melmotte ponders the possibility that his crimes have been discovered, the reader is allowed inside his thoughts. For the first time, the reader has a sense of Melmotte as a man rather than as simply a "surfeited sponge of speculation" (I: 222). And for the first time, there is something tragically human about "this topping Croesus of the day" (I: 20).

> . . . he stood for a few moments looking up at the bright stars. If he could be there, in one of those unknown distant worlds, with all his present intellect and none of his present burdens, he would, he thought, do better than he had done here on earth. If he could even now put himself down nameless, fameless, and without possessions in some distant corner of the world, he could, he thought, do better. But he was Augustus Melmotte, and he must bear his burdens, whatever they were, to the end. (II: 115-16)[4]

Both of Trollope's longest chapters not only require more pages; they are important enough to merit them.

Faced with twenty numbers and one hundred chapters, with only a partial list of characters as a sort of outline, how did Trollope decide what to put where? Mary Hamer offers an interesting hypothesis about Trollope's organizational principles:

> The original formal structure of the novel [its division into chapters and numbers] offers testimony of the primary pattern imposed on the work by its author . . . . [T]his pattern not only relates to but partially expresses the moral structure of the work. Hence, the detail of a novel's serial construction can offer something like objective evidence of its moral structure. (YES 187)

Hamer justifies her contention that the structuring of a number has a moral as well as an organizational purpose by examining The Small House at Allington, but this idea also appears to hold true for The Way We Live Now. In several numbers the conjunction of plots would seem to have some larger significance and to reflect more than just a linking of story lines.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the novel's first number. Here the reader meets Lady Carbury, an authoress who uses bribery, flattery and flirtation "to cause a publisher to give her good payment for indifferent writing, or an editor to be lenient when, upon the merits of the case, he should have been severe" (I:3). In chapter 3, the reader enters the Beargarden, a successful club for young men which combines "parsimony with profligacy" and is run by "a jewel" of a purveyor who has sole charge "so that the club should be cheated by only one man" (I: 24). Here young men with no credit put their expenses on account, worthless IOUs replace money, and cheats prosper. Chapter 4 introduces Melmotte, the foreigner whose name "was worth any money,--though his character was perhaps worth but little" (I: 33-4).

Like Lady Carbury and the Beargarden, Melmotte is an acknowledged fraud. As Georgiana Longestaffe realizes, "Mr. Melmotte was admitted into society, because of some enormous power which was supposed to lie in his hands; but even by those who thus admitted him he was regarded as a thief and a scoundrel" (I: 299). Just as Melmotte's character may never be redeemed, Lady Carbury's sloppy work will never win honest praise, nor will the Beargarden ever achieve the status of a true gentlemen's club. All three build upon illusions which others accept while acknowledging their falsity. By putting them together in his opening number, Trollope also establishes three themes — of worth based on illusion, of public acceptance and admiration of the fraudulent, of appearance versus reality — as centrally important to the novel.

Most often Trollope offers the reader a chance to compare or contrast characters or situations, as in Number 4. The three middle chapters have parallel titles: "Marie Melmotte Hears a Love Tale" (17), "Ruby Ruggles Hears a Love Tale" (18), and "Hetta Carbury Hears a Love Tale" (19). Examination of the manuscript suggests the parallel is intentional rather than coincidental, for Trollope changed the title of chapter 17 from "Sir Felix in Suffolk." In chapters 17 and 18 Felix Carbury half-heartedly woos two women, both of whom view him as a sort of storybook hero and fall at his feet despite his ill-disguised apathy. With Marie Melmotte Felix can barely make the effort necessary to pluck the fruit waiting to fall into his hand.

> She longed to be told by him that he loved her. He had no objection to telling her so, but, without thinking much about it, felt it to be a bore. All that kind of thing was trash and twaddle. He desired her to accept him; and he would have wished, were it possible, that she should have gone to her father for his consent. (I: 165)

Felix has no intention of winning the hand of Ruby Ruggles, nor does love appear to motivate him since "he cared very little about her, and carried on the liaison simply because it was the proper sort of thing for a young man to do" (I: 173). But Ruby, like Marie, is easily misled.

> She had her London lover beside her; and though in every word he spoke there was a tone of contempt, still he talked of love, and made her promises, and told her that she was pretty . . . . She felt that she could be content to sit there for ever and to listen to him. (ibid.)

Appearing one after the other, these two chapters emphasize Felix's self-centeredness and careless depravity. He is totally false, unable to generate any genuine emotion in either relationship, pursuing Marie for her fortune and Ruby for her sexual favors (although "he had not dared to ask her to be his mistress" owing to "an animal courage about her . . . and a fire in her eye, of which he had learned to be aware" [I, 173]).

More interesting than the similarities between chapters 17 and 18 are the differences between chapter 19 and the other two. While the parallel title hints that Hetta Carbury, too, will be strung along with falsehoods by an insincere lover, exactly the opposite turns out to be true. Roger Carbury, "so good, so noble, so generous, so devoted" (I: 180), determines he will renew his suit although Hetta has previously rejected him. Roger and Felix could not be more dissimilar, except that here both are the bearers of "love tales" and ultimately neither gets the woman or women he woos. Roger cannot depend on his good looks to win his lady's affections, but he can plead his case with deep and heartfelt emotion: "If I am ever to live as other men do, and to care about the things which other men care for, it must be as your husband" (I: 183). Hetta, unlike Marie or Ruby, does not succumb, although she recognizes Roger's virtues.

> The tone of his voice was manly, and at the same time full of entreaty. His eyes as he looked at her were bright with love and anxiety. She not only believed him as to the tale which he now told her; but she believed in him altogether. She knew that he was a staff on which a woman might safely lean, trusting to it for comfort and protection in life. In that moment she all but yielded to him. (I: 184)

Roger has scruples that Felix lacks and he misses his opportunity. "Had he seized her in his arms and kissed her then, I think she would have yielded," the narrator remarks ruefully (I: 184). Once the moment has passed, Roger never gets another chance. The irony implicit in the parallel titles contributes to the satire; in this world the false lover is successful without effort while the honest lover is doomed to fail no matter how hard he tries.

Trollope also uses similar titles in other numbers to indicate a relationship between chapters. "Lord Nidderdale's Morality" (22) finds an echo in "Miles Grendall's Triumph" (24) in the fifth number. In chapter 22, Lord Nidderdale explains his moral philosophy to Felix:

> What's the use of being beastly ill-natured? I'm not very good at saying my prayers, but I do think there's something

> in that bit about forgiving people. Of course cheating isn't very nice; and it isn't very nice for a fellow to play when he knows he can't pay; but I don't know that it's worse than getting drunk like Dolly Longestaffe, or quarrelling with everybody as Glasslough [sic] does,—or trying to marry some poor devil of a girl merely because she's got money. I believe in living in glass houses, but I don't believe in throwing stones. (I: 209)

Two chapters later, Miles Grendall "triumphs" when he wins at cards by cheating. Felix watches Miles put cards up his sleeve "till it was wonderful to him that others also should not see it" (I: 231-32), but Miles's maneuverings go unchecked. Miles Grendall's cheating proves that in this world Lord Nidderdale's laissez-faire morality allows the unscrupulous to prosper.

Trollope's parallels are often less obvious. In the same number (5), the first three chapters (21-23) share the theme of marrying for money. As chapter 21 concludes Georgiana Longestaffe tells her sister that staying with the Melmottes will cause her "to give over caring about gentlemen now. The first man that comes to me with four or five thousand a year, I'll take him, though he'd come out of Newgate or Bedlam" (I: 204). In chapter 22, Melmotte tempts Nidderdale with an offer of all the railway stock he wants if the young lord will marry Marie. And in chapter 23, when Melmotte questions Felix's right to ask for his daughter's hand, Felix is filled with self-righteous indignation:

> Was it not sufficiently plain that any gentleman proposing to marry the daughter of such a man as Melmotte, must do so under the stress of pecuniary embarrassment? Would it not be an understood bargain that as he provided the rank and position, she would provide the money? (I: 222)

The idea of marrying for financial security prevails throughout the novel (Lady Carbury considers it, Hetta rejects it, Lady Monogram does it), but its recurrence in these three chapters reinforces the sense of ~~how~~ unquestioningly, for the most part, it is accepted in this world.

Looking closely, comparisons seem inevitable in many numbers. In the second number, chapters 6 and 7 introduce Roger Carbury and portray him in a favourable light alongside an unflattering account of Paul Montague's past financial misadventures. Seen in action, Roger attempts to shame Felix into abandoning his selfish ways and then woos Hetta with ardent sincerity. Paul, on the other hand, appears for the first time in chapter 9 at a meeting with the cigar-smoking Mr. Fisker about the South Central Pacific and Mexican railway. He agrees to take part in the scheme — albeit reluctantly — even as he recognizes that "the object of Fisker, Montague and Montague was not to make a railway to Vera Cruz, but to float a company" (I: 77). In chapter 10, the reader learns that "Paul Montague certainly did not love Mr. Fisker personally, nor did he relish his commercial doctrines; but he allowed himself to be carried away by them" (I: 85). After reading this number, one finds it difficult not to view Roger as superior and Paul as unworthy of the virtuous Hetta.

In number 16, two letters cause breaks between two pairs of lovers. In the opening chapter (76), Hetta, having learned of Mrs. Hurtle from her brother, writes to Paul for an explanation. Paul's answer proving unsatisfactory (he cannot, after all, deny having taken Mrs. Hurtle to the theatre and Lowestoffe), Hetta quarrels with him and Paul is left "beside himself with dismay" never having believed "that this affair of Mrs. Hurtle would really separate him from Hetta Carbury" (II: 247). In chapter 79, Georgiana Longestaffe also experiences dismay when, in reply to her letter outlining the financial terms on which she will accept Mr. Brehgert, he writes to end their engagement. Like Paul, Georgiana has been blind to the possible repercussions of her actions: "she had regarded herself as being quite sure of him, and only so far doubting herself, as to be able to make her own terms because of such doubts" (II: 278). Hetta Carbury and Ezekiel Brehgert are alike in that they behave honourably and expect their lovers to do the same, but neither Paul nor Georgiana can live up to these expectations. Again the reader is aware of how seemingly unworthy Paul is of winning Hetta's love.

As Hamer suggests, Trollope does appear to reveal through his interweaving of plot threads in individual numbers a sort of "moral structure." The functioning of one chapter as commentary on another, the distinct similarities and subtle differences revealed through comparisons, the seeming parallels which fall apart to disclose a darker irony and add to the satire — all support the idea that Trollope chose the material for each number with an eye to more than plot development. By employing an underlying framework, the author also ensured that his many plots would lend themselves to his ultimate purpose, "the elucidation of the main story." And such structuring would certainly help provide each part with the cohesiveness it needed to stand alone.

But even as he grappled with the problems entailed in writing for serial publication, Trollope never seems to have ceased viewing the novel as a whole. He believed that "an artist should keep in his hand the power of fitting the beginning of his work to the end," rather than being forced "to fit the end to the beginning" (A. 118). Flexibility provides much-needed control since the author is not unlike "the rustic driving his pigs to market [who] cannot always make them travel by the exact path which he has intended for them" (ibid.).[5] Harvey points out that

> [Trollope's] comments on the dangers inherent in the serial mode of publication underline his artistic sense of the novel as a complex unity which he refused to allow the regular and mechanical demands of the instalment to impair. (109)

To describe the "method of organization" Trollope uses to hold together this complex unity, Jerome Thale returns to the visual arts metaphor:

> A painting may be united through the repetition, echoing, contradiction, balancing, of such structural features as color, line, mass. In something of the same way, the Trollope novel depends upon parallels, contrasts, repetitions with slight variations. (149)

Trollope employs "repetitions with slight variations" most effectively with the phrase which becomes the novel's title. More than any other word or group of words, it is "the way we live now" that serves to unify the novel, running like a leitmotif from beginning to end. Admittedly, the exact phrase is not repeated endlessly; instead, as with his plots and characters, Trollope puts forth the idea in diverse variations. But it becomes a sort of prose refrain uniting not only the novel's parts but also the multitude of plots and characters. There is Lady Carbury's complacent assertion regarding the Melmottes that "everybody visits them now" (I: 67); Roger's half-angry declaration to Paul, upon meeting him with Mrs. Hurtle at Lowestoffe, that "people live now in a way I don't comprehend. If this be your way of living, I have no right to complain" (I: 437-38); Lady Monogram's smug insistence that socially unacceptable Mr. Brehgert cannot be invited to dinner because "that's the way we live" (II: 90); and Georgiana's confused complaint to Mr. Brehgert that "the world does change so quick that one doesn't think of anything now as one used to do" (II: 276). All in all, variants of the phrase appear over two dozen times in the course of the novel.[6]

The use of this leitmotif also suggests something about Trollope's composition of the novel. As mentioned earlier, at the top of his working diary he called this "the Carbury novel," yet by the time he had finished it was definitely The Way We Live Now.[7] One can only speculate about the exact point at which Trollope discovered the title he would use, yet the appearance of the refrain from the early chapters on suggests that the idea was there all along waiting to be recognized. When he stopped to read over the manuscript Trollope must have been increasingly aware of how much more than "the Carbury novel" this is.

The narrative voice is another means by which the author unifies The Way We Live Now and reveals the complexity of human affairs. Like the novel, the world may have an underlying moral structure, but the narrator demonstrates repeatedly how difficult it can be to view any character in terms of an absolute morality. Kincaid asserts that "the chief function of the [Trollope] narrator is to disrupt" (34); and, while there is no equivocation about right and wrong, the narrator does introduce a note of moral ambiguity that frequently disrupts attempts to judge individual characters and actions harshly.

Lady Carbury provides one example of this. In the first chapter, we learn that

> she used her beauty not only to increase her influence—as is natural to women who are well-favoured—but also with a well-considered calculation that she could obtain material assistance in the procuring of bread-and-cheese, which was very necessary to her, by a prudent adaptation to her purposes of the good things with which Providence had endowed her. (I: 3)

Such use of one's charms for material gain smacks of something unsavoury. However, in the following chapter we discover that Lady Carbury has become impoverished not through her own extravagance but through that of her son, Felix, "the darling of her heart" (I: 15). The narrator is quick to point out that the lady's slipshod novels are not the result of a deliberate attempt to defraud the reading public. Rather, they result from a misguided conviction "that her end was to be obtained not by producing good books, but by inducing certain people to say that her books were good" (I: 17); thus, she directs her talents and energy to this end. Indeed, the narrator concludes sympathetically, "the woman was false from head to foot, but there was much of good in her" (I: 17).

Often the narrative voice interjects compassionate commentary in defense of characters who have become somewhat unappealing. Georgiana Longestaffe, who "had meant, when she first started her career, to have a lord" (I: 298), becomes aware at twenty-nine "that hitherto she had always fixed her price a little too high" (II: 94) and attempts to trade her hand in marriage for a house in town. The reader cannot suppress a sigh of relief when good-natured Mr. Brehgert slips from her clutches. Yet as the novel draws to a close, the narrator does all he can to arouse some pity for this desperate young woman, who has laboured in vain knowing only "that as she grew older from year to year, the struggle should be more intense" (II: 422). The narrator compares this to a struggle for survival:

> The swimmer when first he finds himself in the water, conscious of his skill and confident in his strength, can make his way through the water with the full command of all his powers. But when he begins to feel that the shore is receding from him, that his strength is going, that the footing for which he pants is still far beneath his feet,—that there is peril where before he had contemplated no danger,—then he begins to beat the water with strokes rapid but impotent, and to waste in anxious gaspings the breath on which his very life must depend. So it was with poor Georgey Longestaffe . . . . She too must strike out with rapid efforts, unless, indeed, she would abandon herself and let the waters close over her head. (II: 423)

It is a relief when Georgiana is rescued by the penniless curate, Mr. Batherbolt, with whom we are told she lives "in much connubial bliss" at least for the first six months (II: 429).

Realizing that "there are many—and probably the greater portion of my readers will be among the number—who will declare to themselves that Paul Montague was a poor creature" (I: 441) because of his cowardice in dealing with Mrs. Hurtle, the narrator points out that "in social life we hardly stop to consider how much of that daring spirit which gives mastery comes from hardness of heart rather than high purpose, or true courage" (I: 441-42). Admittedly, Paul fears Mrs. Hurtle's wrath but he also cares for her and shrinks "from subjecting her to the blank misery of utter desertion" (I: 442). This may not prevent some readers from continuing to think Paul Montague "a poor creature" unfit for either the virtuous Hetta or the indomitable Mrs. Hurtle, but some attempt is made to portray him in a favourable light. One is more inclined to agree with the narrator when, concurring with Mrs. Pipkin, he acknowledges that "Mrs. Hurtle, with all her faults, was a good-natured woman" (II: 448).

The narrator also works to create sympathy for Melmotte, not so much because he deserves compassion as because he is, after all, merely a man like other men. Although "fraud and dishonesty had been the very principle of his life" (II: 295), Melmotte deserves pity rather than condemnation after killing himself since "during that night he may have become as mad as any other wretch, have been driven as far beyond his powers of endurance as any other poor creature" (II: 357). After all, "we none of us know what load we can bear, and what would break our backs. Melmotte's back was so utterly crushed that I almost think he was mad enough to have justified a verdict of temporary insanity" (ibid.). Melmotte has been put to the test and failed, but in moving from "he" to "we" the narrator cautions against condemning Melmotte without questioning how we ourselves might fare.

The narrative voice is also the key element in Trollope's satire, taking aim at the author's true target, "the way we live now." To recognize that society (rather than any individual) is Trollope's target is essential; otherwise the narrator's moral ambiguity might be viewed as destroying the satire. Satire demands moral absolutes (how can one expose vice and folly if nothing is totally wrong and wicked?) and — while he encourages sympathy for some characters — toward the true culprit Trollope's narrator is unrelenting. It is a despicable society in which scoundrels are worshipped, young men lie and cheat at cards, and the one unrelentingly honest man, Roger Carbury, is destined to be the last of a dying breed.

Consider, for example, that immediately after arousing our sympathies for the dead Melmotte, the narrator focuses on society's reaction to the swindler's demise.

> . . . for a week his name was hateful. But after that, a certain amount of whitewashing took place, and, in some degree, a restitution of fame was made to the manes of the departed. In Westminster he was always odious. Westminster, which had adopted him, never forgave him. But in other districts it came to be said that he was more sinned against than sinning; and that, but for the jealousy of the old stagers in the mercantile world, he would have done very wonderful things. Marylebone, which is always merciful, took him up quite with affection, and would have returned his ghost to Parliament could his ghost have paid for committee rooms. Finsbury delighted for a while to talk of the great Financier, and even Chelsea thought that he had been done to death by ungenerous tongues. It was, however, Marylebone alone that spoke of a monument. (II: 357-58)

No one moralizes about the downfall of wickedness or the triumph of virtue, although this would appear to be a perfect opportunity for the public to echo Roger Carbury's sentiments. Westminster cannot forgive Melmotte, not for his crimes but for making it look badly. Elsewhere all is forgiven and the talk of a statue indicates that he continues to represent something society holds dear.

There is also the matter of Melmotte's purchase of Pickering

Park without using money. As the narrator remarks indignantly, "money was the very breath of Melmotte's nostrils, and therefore his breath was taken for money" (I: 325). And ten chapters later another reference is made to the fact that "there would be no need of any transaction in absolute cash."

> It was a part of the charm of all dealings with this great man that no ready money seemed ever to be necessary for any thing. Great purchases were made and great transactions apparently completed without the signing of even a check . . . . Mr. Longestaffe felt the absurdity of pressing such a man as Mr. Melmotte, and was partly conscious of the gradual consummation of a new era in money matters . . . . As for many years past we have exchanged paper instead of actual money for our commodities, so now it seemed that, under the new Melmotte regime, an exchange of words was to suffice. (I: 422-23)[8]

Society is indicted along with Melmotte for allowing such illusory commerce to continue. As with "the emperor's new clothes" it takes an unbeliever to call a halt to this charade, and it is the wise fool, Dolly Longestaffe, who will not accept the no-gold standard and so brings Melmotte down.

Trollope's narrator satirizes the politics of the day through his description of Melmotte's nomination as Parliamentary candidate for Westminster. Ideological considerations go out the window: "at the beginning of the affair, when each party had to seek the most suitable candidate which the country could supply, each party put its hand upon Melmotte" (I: 326). Melmotte's choice appears equally unrelated to political concerns: "he was not long in convincing himself that the conservative element in British Society stood the most in need of that fiscal assistance which it would be in his province to give" (ibid.). The narrator also takes a sly swipe at both the Conservatives and the Ballot Act, remarking that "it is needless to say that [Melmotte's] committee was made up of peers, bankers, and publicans, with all that absence of class prejudice for which the party has become famous since the ballot was introduced among us" (I: 326-27).[9]

The narrator never loses sight of the fact that public opinion is the driving force behind Melmotte's ascent, and this is the most damning aspect of "the way we live now." As his committee attempts to force Melmotte on the electors "by clamorous assertions of his commercial greatness," it begins to appear that

> there was but one virtue in the world, commercial enterprise, —and that Melmotte was its prophet. It seemed, too, that the orators and writers of the day intended all Westminster to believe that Melmotte treated his great affairs in a spirit very different from that which animates the bosoms of merchants in general. He had risen above any feeling of personal profit. His wealth was so immense that there was no longer place for anxiety on that score. . . . But by carrying on the enormous affairs which he held in his hands, he would be able to open up new worlds, to afford relief to the oppressed nationalities of the over-populated old countries. (I: 411-12)

Transformed into a god by public speculation and rumour, Melmotte has been raised up by the same crowd that will just as abruptly dash him to the ground.

Trollope's narrator, then, serves three important functions. He is the best weapon in the author's satiric arsenal, relentlessly attacking the world's infatuation with an acknowledged criminal, Augustus Melmotte. He is the small voice reminding the reader that, while right and wrong are absolutes, moral judgements are complicated by sympathy for the individual. And he is a crucial unifying element, stepping forward again and again in the course of the novel to point an accusing finger at society.

The means by which Trollope binds together the many parts of his novel have received much critical attention, most of it along the same lines as Jerome Thale's "parallels, contrasts, repetitions with slight variations." Geoffrey Harvey and Robert Tracy each echo these ideas and applies them more directly to The Way We Live Now. Kincaid concurs in part, seeing Trollope's plots as "very often co-ordinated principally through mirrored themes and motifs . . . . [and] more properly seen as parallel rather than interwoven" without "a great deal of narrative glue" spread to make "the plots stick together on a literal level" (30-1).

Harvey examines Trollope's use of animal imagery as a means of unifying the novel. Melmotte, for example, is compared to "a wolf and a vulture" and a "commercial cormorant" while Felix Carbury has "the instincts of a horse" ["not approaching the higher sympathies of a dog" (I: 17)] (130).[10] Lady Carbury is like a "pelican" and a "butterfly"; Mrs. Hurtle is a "wild-cat," a "tigress," and a "beast of prey"; and Marie Melmotte is called a "pig," an "ass," and a "toad" (ibid.). Harvey is less successful in pointing out a pattern in what he calls "biblical imagery," since he focuses not on actual images but on peripheral mentions of characters' failures to pray or attend church and use of Biblical passages, as Lord Nidderdale does in the explanation of his "morality" in chapter 22.

Tracy places Melmotte at the center of the novel, personifying Trollope's theme of "dishonesty magnificent in its proportions." The author extends "his social panorama by introducing a number of analogues to Melmotte, minor frauds who successfully impose on various sectors of society" (Novels 159). There is Lady Carbury, Sir Felix Carbury ("a false Byronic hero" [171]), Paul Montague (although "he represents a kind of moral middle ground between Sir Felix--Melmotte and Roger Carbury" [172]), Mrs. Hurtle (also "an outsider who tries to gain a place in English society" [172], as is Mr. Fisker), and finally the Emperor of China ("a hollow man, a mere uniform and facade" [177]). Trollope's "analogical structure" extends to the three families -- Carburys, Longestaffes, Melmottes -- whose "interrelated affairs" the novel studies; they are

> miniatures of society . . . . which functions or fails to function much as they do. All three families are as disorganized and falsely motivated as the larger society of which they are a part, and as ready to pursue illusions. (162-63)

Tracy views Mrs. Hurtle and Marie Melmotte as analogous, since "these two strong women . . . provide the book with examples of a romantic heroic type to set against the false heroes," although they cannot fit into English society and finally depart for America (173). Harvey agrees, observing that "the only women in possession of independent fortunes . . . chart the lonely struggle of romantic idealism . . . . only to be bitterly disillusioned" (139). Harvey also draws attention to a parallel between Ruby Ruggles and Georgiana Longestaffe, "who both come up to London from the country husband-hunting among men of rank and fortune and have to be schooled into the realistic limitations of age, class and the treachery of the metropolitan world" (ibid.). The parallels are reflected in the novel's organization: "Mrs. Hurtle's Fate" is revealed in chapter 97 and "Marie Melmotte's Fate" described in chapter 98, while John Crumb marries Ruby Ruggles in chapter 94 and Georgiana elopes with the impecunious Mr. Batherbolt in chapter 95.

Roger Carbury recognizes the parallels between himself and John Crumb:

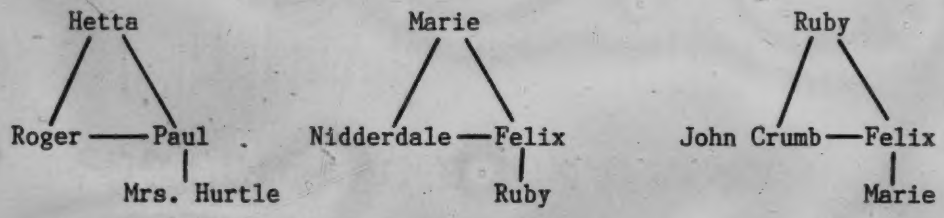
> With an honest, true, heart-felt desire they both panted for the companionship of a fellow-creature whom each had chosen. And each was to be thwarted by the make-believe regard of unworthy youth and fatuous good looks! (I: 439)

But a more subtle analogy is the one Tracy points out between the temptation of Roger and that of Augustus Melmotte.

> After we have made the conventional response to Melmotte by condemning him, Trollope suddenly tempts us to condone Roger if he allows a false impression [of Paul's relationship with Winifred Hurtle] to go uncontradicted. We are reminded of how uncertain our own sense of morality — like Roger's — can be, when faced with a variant of Melmotte's temptation. (167)

Of course, the fundamental difference is inescapable; Roger is "Melmotte's moral opposite" (162) and does not succumb.

A parallel which none of the critics discusses is that between the love "triangles" in the novel. In diagram, they look almost identical:



Marie's and Ruby's triangles overlap at Felix, the unworthy suitor in opposition to two worthy ones. All three women are in love with weak men who carry on with other women. None of the women wants to marry the man her parent or grandparent attempts to force on her.

The parallels are not perfect, for while Hetta eventually marries Paul and Ruby finds happiness with dusty John Crumb, Marie's "triangle" falls apart and she turns to a fellow outsider, Hamilton K. Fisker. Both Hetta's suitors love her and one of Ruby's loves her, but Marie's are only after Melmotte's money. It is fitting for Hetta to marry the man she loves; it would be disastrous for Marie to do the same; and Ruby never has the option of doing so.

Despite the differences, these parallel situations suggest some possible ways of comparing the characters involved. The parallels between Mrs. Hurtle and Marie and between Mrs. Hurtle and Ruby have been mentioned. Like Roger, Mrs. Hurtle is aware of the similarity between her situation and Ruby's ("she had run after [Paul] with as little discretion as Ruby Ruggles was showing in running after her lover" [I, 458]), and it is appropriate that they end up together at Mrs. Pipkin's house. The similarities between Paul's and Felix's positions in relation to Hetta and Marie suggest an analogy that has not been fully explored. In addition to being inferior to the strong women who love them, both have made promises they do not intend to keep, Paul to marry Mrs. Hurtle and Felix to keep away from Marie Melmotte.[11] Perhaps there is even a subtle suggestion that just as Marie has chosen wrongly in loving Felix, Hetta would have done better to love Roger. Roger and Lord Nidderdale are cast as worthy but rejected suitors.

Georgiana Longestaffe's love "triangle" is not comparable to the others since she must find her own suitors rather than choose between one she loves and one chosen by her parents. However, like

Hetta, Marie, Ruby, Mrs. Hurtle, and Lady Carbury she is essentially alone, protecting her own interests because there is no one to protect them for her. Harvey points out that Georgiana is also like Melmotte in that both appear to be governed by "the ethic of the marketplace." Melmotte's railway shares lose value the instant his illusions begin to collapse, just as "Georgiana, who has always overvalued herself in the marriage market, desperately lowers her price as she grows older" (135).

The repetition of a phrase suggests a curious parallel between the outmoded squire, Roger Carbury, and the Jewish financier, Mr. Brehgert. Early in the novel, Roger worries about Lady Carbury's plans to wed Felix to Marie Melmotte and views the connection as a disgrace because, as the narrator explains, "the old-fashioned idea that the touching of pitch will defile still prevailed with him" (I: 69). Later he worries about Hetta, living with a mother who is "essentially worldly, believing that good could come out of evil, that falsehood might in certain conditions be better than truth," for "would not the touch of pitch at last defile her?" (I: 133). The phrase recurs a third time in a very different situation as Mr. Longestaffe tries to recover from Mr. Brehgert's candid remarks about his relationship with Georgiana.

> As soon as he was gone Mr. Longestaffe opened the door and walked about the room and blew out long puffs of breath, as though to cleanse himself from the impurities of his late contact. He told himself that he could not touch pitch and not be defiled! How vulgar had the man been, how indelicate, how regardless of all feeling, how little grateful for the honour which Mr. Longestaffe had conferred upon him by asking him to dinner! (II: 363)

The irony is inescapable and one cannot help feeling indignant. Mr.

Longestaffe has no right to use an expression the reader associates with Roger, especially in reference to Mr. Brehgert, who has consistently behaved like a gentleman (which is more than one can say for Mr. Longestaffe).[12]

For Tracy, the "analogical method" and parallel plots are used by Trollope for "restating main themes" and keeping the author's "argument continually before the reader" (162). Thale, however, suggests that Trollope is never interested in just restating his themes; instead, variation "is used for giving complexity of meaning to the main themes, for seeing actions and motives in many lights" (154). Thus, just when everything in the novel appears to corroborate Roger's pessimistic assertion that the country is "going to the dogs. . . about as fast as it can go" (II: 45), the reasonable and intelligent Bishop Yeld offers another view:

> I think that men on the whole do live better lives than they did a hundred years ago. There is a wider spirit of justice abroad, more of mercy from one to another, a more lively charity, and if less of religious enthusiasm, less also of superstition. . . . Taking society as a whole, the big and the little, the rich and the poor, I think that it grows better from year to year, and not worse. I think, too, that they who grumble at the times, as Horace did, and declare that each age is worse than its forerunner, look only at the small things beneath their eyes, and ignore the course of the world at large. (II: 46)

Thale sees the novelist attempting to reflect "the complexity of human affairs" not only as a part of his "comprehensive vision" but also as a means "of urging tolerance, of making us wary of simple views and monisms" (157). Nothing, certainly not "the way we live now," Trollope seems to say, can be viewed as simple.

Having stood for too long too close to this vast, crowded canvas, the spectator can finally step back and analyze the means by which the artist has rendered each cluster of figures vivid and yet has subordinated all to achieve harmony in the whole. Interestingly, but perhaps not surprisingly, Trollope appears to have used similar devices — parallels, contrasts, repetition — to make each serial instalment capable of standing alone and to coordinate all the numbers into a novel. The artist's brushstrokes can be altered to suit the area he is covering: small and delicate for the serial part, they grow large and sweeping for the novel. Perhaps most remarkable is that, despite the sheer number of them, the strokes are done with such skill as to become invisible from the proper viewing distance. Stepping back, one is aware only of Trollope's artistry.

NOTES: Chapter III

[1] The fact that this novel is a satire (which "may exaggerate the vice it lashes" [A. 80]) would also prove a problem for using "real portraits" although Trollope succeeds in doing so with some characters.

[2] Page counts are based on page lengths in the Oxford "World's Classics" edition.

[3] While Trollope may have had to make chapter 5 short because he had such a long preceding chapter, making chapter 61 brief to allow for a long chapter 62 would seem a clear indication that he was not simply writing and plotting day-by-day as he went along but had at least some scheme in mind in advance.

[4] Passages such as this would seem to refute Tracy's and Polhemus's claims that Melmotte is necessarily "hollow" and never reveals any sort of an inner life [Tracy Novels 166]. Kincaid points out, "Trollope finally complicates the original simple satire by making us feel a sympathy for this man not unlike that evoked by Mary Shelley for the monster" (167).

[5] Examination of the MS reveals that Trollope did not have to go back and alter the beginning to suit the end of The Way We Live Now.

[6] Other versions of the refrain include:
"And we belong to a new and worse sort of world . . . . I almost doubt whether you can change us now" (Hetta; I: 71);
"Things aren't as they were, of course, and never will be again" (Roger; I: 136);
"Mrs. Hurtle was not a beauty after the present fashion . . . . She was very lovely, with a kind of beauty which we seldom see now" (I: 240);
". . . dear Roger was old-fashioned, and knew nothing of people as they are now. He lived in a world which, though slow, had been good in its way; but which . . . had now passed away" (I: 283);
"I like to live whether I've got money or not" (Nidderdale; I: 359);
". . . they've got such a way nowadays of doing just as they pleases, that one doesn't know what's going to come next" (Mrs. Pipkin; I: 454);
"[Nidderdale] had an idea that a few years ago a man could not have done such a thing . . . but that now it did not much matter what a man did,—if only he were successful" (II: 27);
"things have got so they will never be nice again" (Georgiana; II: 141);
"There is no duty more certain . . . than that which calls upon a brother to defend his sister from ill-usage; but, at the same time, in the way we live now, no duty is more difficult" (II: 183);

"You're old-fashioned, Hetta. It used to be the way,—to be off with your old love before you are on with the new; but that seems to be all changed now" (Felix; II: 204);

"And then, even into the Beargarden there had filtered . . . a feeling that people were not now bound to be so punctilious in the paying of money as they were a few years since" (II: 229);

"It was to be supposed that he had loved some woman before; but, as the world goes, that would not, could not, affect her" (II: 247);

"Everyone is a burden to other people. It is the way of life" (Lady Carbury; II: 323);

"Who thinks about love nowadays?" (Georgiana; II: 425).

[7] In a letter dated November 17, 1873, Trollope declares that "the name of the book is 'The Way we live Now'" (Letters 602), and this is the title he uses in a note at the conclusion of his working diary.

[8] Of course, this cannot last. As Tracy notes,

> when the man of illusion tampers with the land, with real property, he is destroyed. The entrance of reality into his game disrupts it, and the counters are seen for what they are, meaningless bits of paper. (176)

[9] This passage is discussed in more detail in the second chapter of this thesis.

[10] Harvey inaccurately attributes this description of Felix to "his uncle" — probably means his cousin, Roger — but the passage is actually one of the narrator's descriptions.

[11] Felix also makes promises to Marie and half-promises to Ruby that he does not keep, but the "contract" he signs with Melmotte to abandon his pursuit of Marie is the most serious promise he breaks.

[12] With this ringing phrase (from the Old Testament Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus xiii, 1) Roger Carbury seems more than ever to echo the author, as Ruth apRoberts suggests (1971: 173), although perhaps the reverse is true. Writing An Autobiography three years after The Way We Live Now, Trollope commented on the need for the novelist to act as moralist:

> In these times, when the desire to be honest is pressed so hard, is so violently assaulted by the ambition to be great; in which riches are the easiest road to greatness; . . . when it is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that **the pitch, which so many are handling, will defile him if it be touched**; — men's conduct will be actuated much by that which is from day to day depicted to them as leading to glorious or inglorious results. (184; my emphasis)

Conclusion

Putting the evidence of these chapters with Trollope's own words in An Autobiography allows one to sketch a more accurate picture of the author at work on The Way We Live Now. The diary and manuscript corroborate the novelist's assertions regarding his working habits; Trollope did, indeed, depend on the "taskmaster" to monitor his progress, and it seems to have done its job well. Trollope not only completed the single draft of his longest novel in three weeks less than he had allotted but also found time to write another, shorter novel; to take two holiday trips, as well as an occasional day off; and to ride to the hounds frequently during the last two months he was writing. For a less active person, such an accomplishment would be nothing short of amazing. For a man used to rising at five to write for three hours before putting in a full day's work at the Post Office (from which he retired in 1867), it was routine.

Trollope says nothing of the relation between current affairs and the people, places and events of this novel but, examined closely, the correspondences are often direct and occasionally astounding. Certainly, the author makes no attempt to deny the possibility of such correlations. He must have been well aware of the force such allusions would add to his indictment of "the way we live now." In addition to the obvious correlations between the mention of an event or person in the newspaper and its reappearance on the fictional scene, there are the more elusive references that surface months after they appear in the news. The contemplative hours Trollope spent arguing, crying, loving, and laughing with his characters before he wrote were not passed in a bell jar; and to deny that the sights, sounds and smells of his world penetrated his consciousness (whether he was aware of them or not) would be absurd.

An examination of the novel itself reveals the intricacy of Trollope's art. He might gleefully compare the novelist to the tallow-chandler, the shoemaker or "the rustic driving his pigs to market" (A. 118) when discussing the need for diligence or control, but Trollope could not disguise the fact that writing a novel involves artistry as well as craftsmanship. The author could write rapidly, going at his work headlong "as a rider rushes at a fence which he does not see" (A. 147). He can write steadily, churning out so many pages in an hour, a day, a week, a month. But the novel bears witness to the masterful organization of the elaborate structure, the attention paid to even the corners of this vast, crowded canvas. An Autobiography might make novel-writing appear laborious and mechanical, dependent on industry rather than inspiration. But a closer look at the novelist at work on The Way We Live Now reveals that, for Trollope, it is much more than that.

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APPENDIX 1: Trollope's Working Diary for *The Way We Live Now*

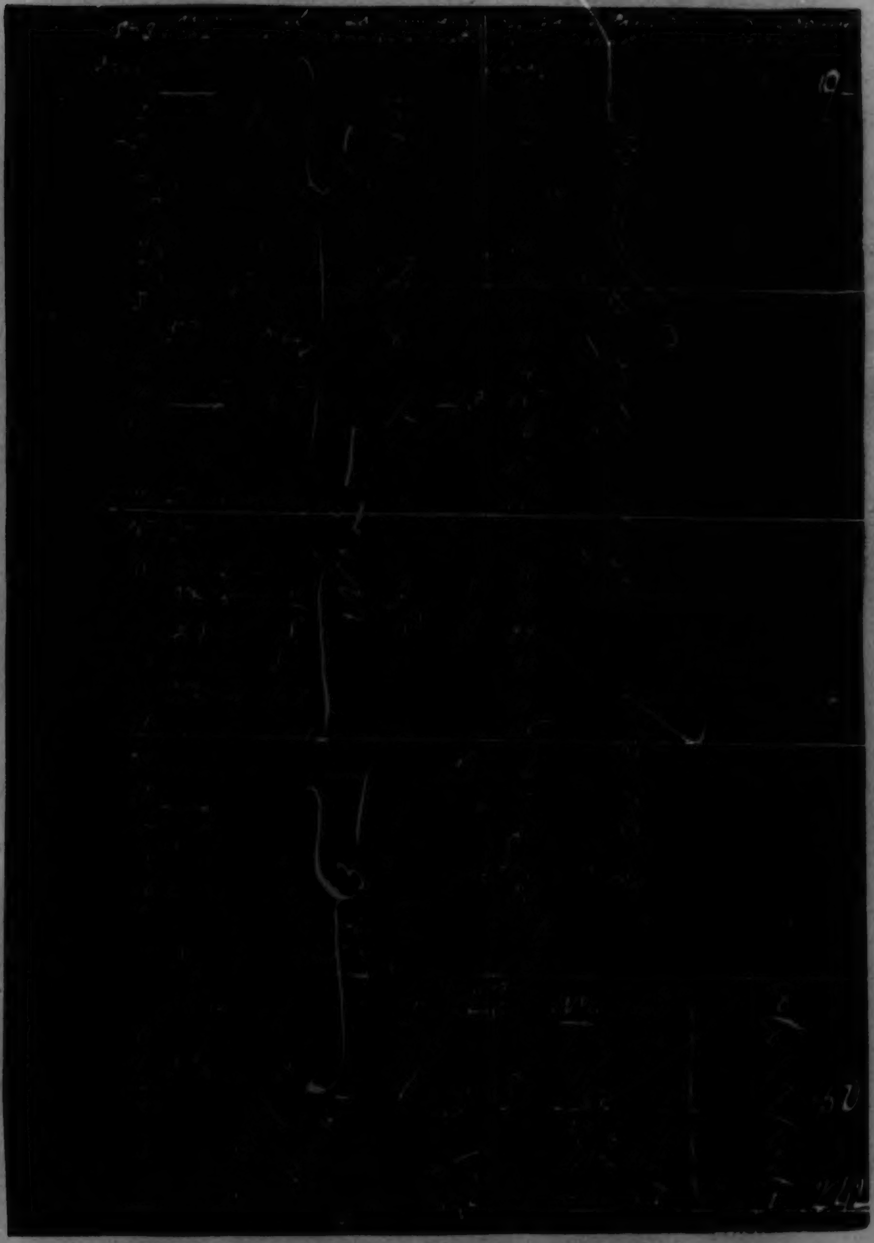


Figure 1. Diary page for May 1 to July 9, 1873. (Diary reproduced with permission from Bodleian MS Don.C.10)

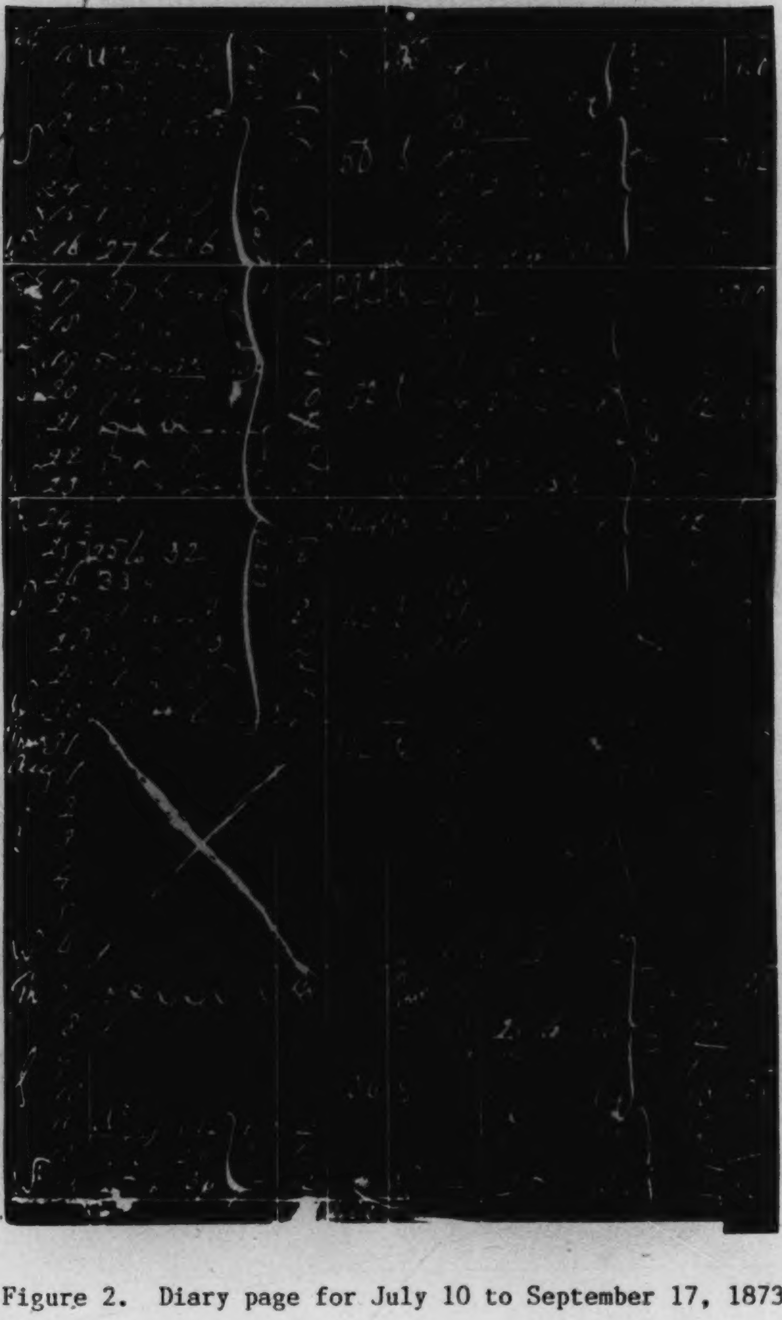


Figure 2. Diary page for July 10 to September 17, 1873

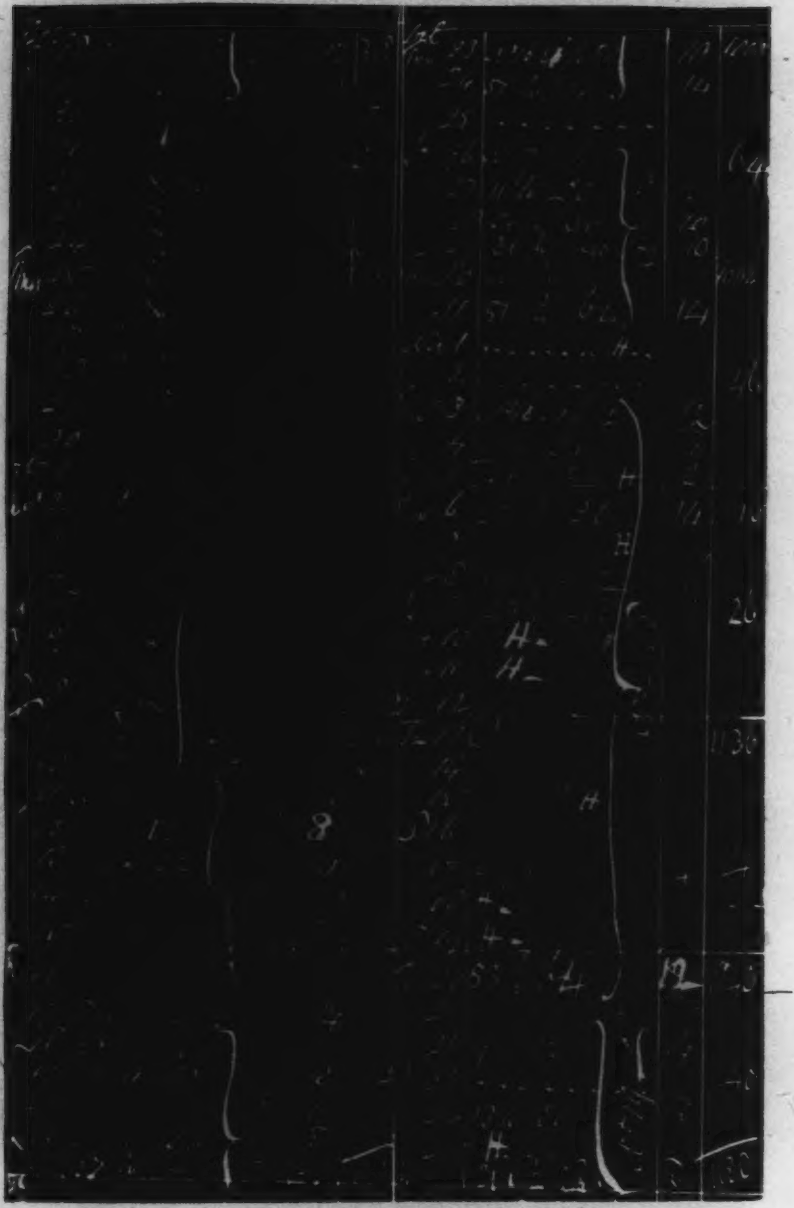


Figure 3. Diary page for September 18 to November 26, 1873

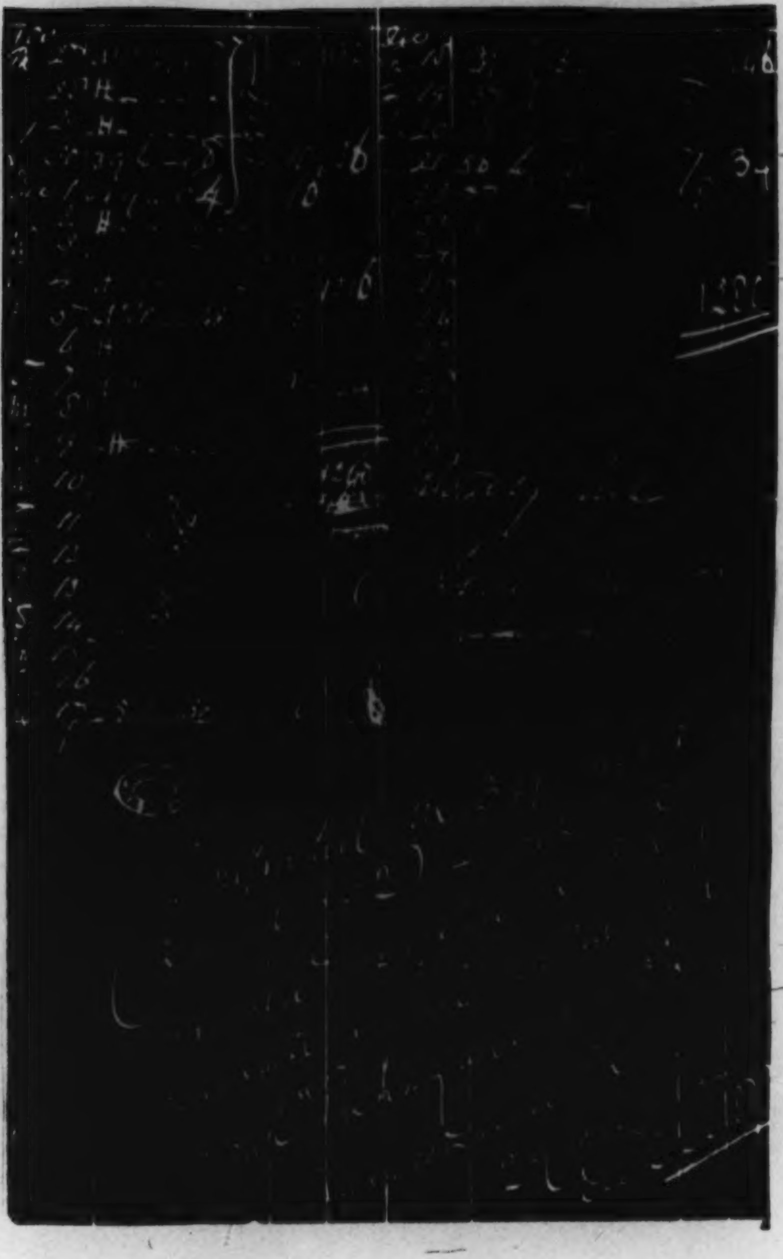


Figure 4. Diary page for November 27 to December 22, 1873

Transcript of the Working Diary for The Way We Live Now

PAGE 1:

1873	Carbury novel. 20 numbers. 64 pages each number. 260 words each page. 40 pages a week. To be completed in 32 weeks.						
May 1	No. 1 1 to 12 **1-11**	12		June 5			192
2	13 to 20 **11-21**	8		6			
3	21 to 28 **21-22**	8		7			
S 4	....		50	8			
5	29 to 36 **22-29**	8		9			
6	37 to 43 **29-34**	7		10			
7	44 to 50 **34-40**	7		11			
8	51 to 56 **40-44**	6		12			
9	57 to 64 **44-47**	8		13			
10	....			14	HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL		
S 11	No. 2 1 to 7 **47-53**	7	40	15			
12	8 to 14 **53-58**	7		16			
13	15 to 20 **58-63**	6		17			
14	21 to 26 **63-67**	6		18			
15	27 to 28 **68-69**	2		19			
16	29 to 36 **69-75**	8		20			
17	37 to 42 **75-80**	6		21			
S 18	43 to 48 **80-84**	6	38	22			
19	49 to 54 **84-88**	6		23			
20	55 to 60 **89-93**	6		24			
21	61 to 64 **93-95**	4		25			
22	....		128	26			
23	No. 3 1 to 8 **95-102**	8		27			
24	9 to 16 **102-108**	8		28			
S 25	17 to 24 **108-114**	8		S 29			
26	25 to 30 **114-119**	6	44	30			
27	31 to 38 **119-125**	8		July 1			
28	39 to 44 **125-129**	6		2			
29	45 to 48 **129-132**	4	172	Th 3	No. 4 1 to 8 **143-150**	8	
30	49 to 55 **132-137**	7		4	9 to 16 **150-156**	8	
31	56 to 64 **137-143**	9	20	5	17 to 24 **156-162**	8	
June 1				S 6	25 to 32 **162-168**	8	50
2	Harry Heathcote			7	33 to 40 **168-173**	8	
3				8	41 to 42 **173-175**	2	
4			192	W 9	43 to 50 **175-181**	8	242

(Numbers in bold type indicate corresponding pages in the Oxford World's Classics edition of The Way We Live Now [1971]. Trollope's brackets around the pages in each part have been eliminated to make room for the additional numbers. Serial part divisions are given in the author's page notations.)

PAGE 2:

July	10	No. 4 51 to 56 **181–85**	6	242	Aug.	14	No. 7 37–48 **315–25**	12	420
	11	57 to 64 **185–91**	8			15	49 to 64 **325–34**	16	
	12	No. 5 1 to 8 **191–98**	8			16	No. 8 1-12 **334–43**	2	
S	13	9 to 16 **198–204**	8	50	S	17	13 to 24 **343–53**	12	
	14	....				18	25 to 36 **353–62**	12	
	15	17 to 26 **204–12**	10			19	37 to 48 **362–72**	12	
W	16	27 to 36 **212–20**	10		W	20	49 to 64 **372–81**	16	
Th	17	37 to 46 **220–28**	10	292	Th	21	No. 9 1-12 **381–91**	12	512
	18	47 to 58 **228–237**	12			22	13 to 24 **391–401**	12	
	19	59 to 64 **237–39**				23	25 to 36 **401–11**	12	
		No. 6 1 to 6 **239–44**	12						
S	20	7 to 16 **244–51**	10	52	S	24	37 to 48 **411–20**	12	88
	21	....				25	49 to 64 **420–29**	16	
	22	17 & 18 **252–53**	2			26	No. 10 1-12 **429–39**	12	
W	23	19 to 24 **253–57**	6		W	27	13 to 24 **439–49**	12	
Th	24	....		344	Th	28	25 to 36 **449–58**	12	600
	25	25 to 32 **257–62**	8			29	37 to 48 **458–68**	12	
	26	33 to 40 **262–68**	8			30	49 to 64 **468–78**	16	
S	27	41 to 48 **268–75**	8	40	S	31	No. 11 1-12 **1–10**	12	88
	28	49 & 50 **275–76**	2		Sept	1	13 to 24 **10–21**	12	
	29	51 to 57 **276–82**	7			2	25 to 36 **21–30**	12	
W	30	58 to 64 **282–86**	7		W	3	37 to 48 **30–40**	12	
Th	31				Th	4	49 to 64 **40–49**	10	688
Aug.	1					5	No. 12 1-12 **49–58**	12	
	2					6	13 to 24 **58–68**	12	
S	3				S	7	25 to 36 **68–77**	12	92
	4					8	37 to 48 **77–87**	12	
	5					9	49 to 64 **87–96**	16	
W	6				W	10	No 13 1-12 **96–107**	12	
Th	7				Th	11	13 to 24 **107–16**	12	780
	8				F	12	25 to 36 **116–25**	12	
	9					13	37 to 48 **125–36**	12	
S	10			36	S	14	49 to 64 **136–44**	16	88
	11	No. 7 1-12 **286–95**	12			15	No 14 1-12 **144–54**	12	
	12	13 to 24 **295–304**	12			16	13 to 24 **154–63**	12	
	13	25 to 36 **304–15**	12		W	17	25 to 36 **163–73**	12	868
				420					

PAGE 3:

Sept	18	No. 14 37–48 **173–82**	12	868	Oct	23	No 16 41–50 **271–80**	10	1000
F	19	49 to 64 **182–91**	16			24	51 to 64 **280–88**	14	
	20					25	....		
	21			28		26	No. 17 1–10 **288–97**	10	64
	22					27	11 to 20 **297–305**	10	
	23					28	21 to 30 **305–14**	10	
	24	Killarney				29	31 to 40 **314–21**	10	
Th	25			896		30	41 to 50 **321–29**	10	1064
	26					31	51 to 64-**329–36**	14	
	27				Nov.	1	.........H......		
	28				S	2	....		46
	29				M H	3	No. 18 1–12 **336–45**	14	
	30					4	13 to 20 **345–51**	8	
Oct.	1				W H	5	21 to 22 **351–53**	2	
Thur	2				Th	6	23 to 36 **353–63**	14	1110
F	3	Reading ~~my~~ own MS				7	...........H		
S	4				H	8	37 to 42 **363–68**	6	
Sun	5				S	9	43 to 48 **368–73**	6	
M	6				H	10	H		
T	7				H	11	H		
W	8				W	12			
Th	9			896	Th	13			1136
	10					14			
	11	No. 15 1 to 4 **191–95**	4			15	H		
S	12	5 to 12 **195–200**	8	40		16			
	13	13 to 22 **200–09**	10			17	49 to 52 **373–76**	4	4
	14	23 to 32 **209–17**	10			18	H		
W	15	33 to 40 **217–23**	8		W	19	H		
Th	16	41 to 50 **223–31**	10	936	T	20	53 to 64 **376–82**	12	1140
	17	51 to 64 **231–39**	14			21	No 19 1–8 **382–89**	8	
	18	No 16 1–10 **239–47**	10			22	9 to 12 **389–92**	4	
S	19	11 to 20 **247–55**	10	64		23	....		40
	20	21 to 28 **255–61**	8			24	13 to 20 **392–99**	8	
	21	29 to 36 **261–268**	8			25	H.........		
W	22	37 to 40 **268–71**	4	1000		26	21 to 28 **399–405**	8	1180

PAGE 4:

Nov 27	No 19 29-38 **405-13**	10	1180	Dec 18	31 to 36 **452-57**	6	1246
28	H..........			19	37 to 44 **457-63**	8	
29	H..........			20	45 to 49 **463-66**	5	
S 30	39 to 48 **413-20**	10	36	21	50 to 56 **466-72**	7	34
Dec 1	49 to 64 **420-29**	16		22	57 to 64 **472-74**	8	
2	H........		—	23			
W 3	....			24			
Th 4	H..........		1216	25			1280
F 5	No 20 1-8 **429-35**	8		26			
S 6	H			27			
S 7	9 to 16 **435-41**	8	24	28			
M 8	17 to 24 **441-48**	8		29			
T 9	H..........			30	Way We		
W 10			1240	31	Live Now		
T 11							
F 12	Bad foot						
S 13							
S 14							
M 15							
T 16							
W 17	25 to 30 **448-52**	6	1246				
				Completed in 34 weeks (instead of 32) - but five weeks were occupied in Harry Heathcote, and therefore this novel "The Way we live now" has been done in —— 29 weeks Dec. 22 1873			

APPENDIX 2: The Illustrations and Serial Parts Cover

In addition to the original manuscript, the Pierpont Morgan Library holds eighteen of Lionel Grimston Fawkes'[1] forty pen and ink drawings for the engravings in The Way We Live Now. These drawings appear to be a random assortment; perhaps they are the only surviving originals. But even this partial collection reveals several things. As N. John Hall asserts in the single paragraph he devotes to Fawkes in his book, Trollope and His Illustrators, "with the forty full-page plates that accompanied the twenty monthly parts in which The Way We Live Now appeared . . ., the absolute nadir of illustration in the Trollope canon is reached" (145). Fawkes not only produces "stiff awkward figures, ugly faces, contorted limbs, paw-like hands, and mongoloid-looking children" (ibid.); he also has trouble drawing characters that look the same in subsequent illustrations. Thus, the Lady Carbury who appears in the third number walking with Roger Carbury ("You should remember that I am his mother") looks almost nothing like the Lady Carbury with Mr. Broune in the eighteenth number ("Lady Carbury clasped her hands together"), as shown in Figures 1 and 2.

The fact that characters do not look the same from drawing to drawing has meant that an error in the captioning of one illustration has gone unnoticed. For the fourth number, Fawkes produced a drawing which, according to the caption, is of Felix Carbury wooing Marie Melmotte (see Figure 3). However, the setting is wrong; Felix is supposed to be walking with Marie in the shrubbery at Caversham. Instead, the illustration shows a young lady seated under a tree while a young man stands over her, riding whip in hand and horse grazing in the background. This can only be Felix's secret assignation with Ruby Ruggles, as a section of the text from chapter 18 ("Ruby Ruggles Hears a Love Tale") makes clear:

> Thinking for a moment what he would do about his horse, [Felix] rode him into the field, and then, dismounting, fastened him to a rail which ran down the side of the copse. Then he sauntered on till he stood looking down upon Ruby Ruggles as she sat beneath the tree. (I: 172)

Seemingly, the only reason for the incorrect caption and the subsequent placing of the illustration in the wrong chapter (chapter 17: "Marie Melmotte Hears a Love Tale") is Fawkes' total inability to draw a recognizable female countenance. It is not known whether Trollope would have seen the illustrations when he read the serial parts in proof, but clearly no one who saw this one recognized it for what the artist intended it to be.

Despite his problems with other characters, Fawkes succeeds in drawing Melmotte not only consistently but also relatively well in the seven illustrations in which he figures. The bushy whiskers and eyebrows, double chin, portly figure and — most of all — the distinctive curl on his forehead make Melmotte readily identifiable (Figure 4). They also reinforce the link between Melmotte and the real-life "Railway King," George Hudson, who appears to have looked remarkably like Fawkes' Melmotte (Figure 5).

Occasionally, Fawkes seems to have re-drawn heads, for several of the pen and ink drawings have paper circles pasted over the original heads and new heads drawn in. Both illustrations for the sixteenth number have been altered, with Marie ("Ah, ma'ammoiselle," said Croll, "you should oblige your fader") and Hetta ("You had better go back to Mrs. Hurtle") getting re-drawn heads. Marie's is quite good and is successfully integrated into the original drawing, but Hetta's is fastened on at an awkward angle that would be physically impossible (see Figures 6 and 7). No evidence exists to indicate whether Fawkes or Trollope decided on these changes, and it is impossible to determine what the original heads might have looked like.

How could Trollope have settled for such blatantly second-rate (or even third-rate) work after having previous novels illustrated by artists like John Everett Millais and Hablot K. Browne? He seems to have settled on Fawkes as illustrator about a month into the novel (having taken June "off" to write Harry Heathcote of Gangoil). In July, 1873, he wrote to Frederic Chapman, his publisher: "I have promised to dine with Pain on the 24th.—Fawkes, his nephew, is to breakfast with me on the 23rd. Would it be worth your while to come and meet him?" (Letters 592) On September 24, the novelist reports with some optimism: "I have one drawing from Fawkes. It is with slight exceptions very good . . . . It is time something should be decided [about an illustrator for The Way We Live Now]" (ibid., 598). Trollope was obviously anxious to settle the matter and willing to accept Fawkes (1849-1931), "of the Royal Artillery, an amateur whose only other effort at book illustration was for his aunt's The Washburn and Other Poems (1879)" (Hall 145). However, his disappointment in the artist is evident in a letter written in May, 1874, after the novel had begun to appear in serial parts:

> What you say of the illustrations is all true,—not strong enough in expression of disgust. But what can a writer do? I desire, of course, to put my books into as many hands as possible, and I take the best mode of doing so . . . . (Letters 612-13)

Fawkes' drawings for the novel must not have equalled his "sample," drawn in September, nor lived up to Trollope's optimistic expectations. The author views himself as caught in a bind; he recognizes the poor choice he has made in Fawkes while acknowledging the need for illustrations — any illustrations — in selling serialized fiction.[2]

Fortunately, Trollope seems to have had better luck finding an artist to draw the serial parts cover, which is far superior to Fawkes' work. On November 8, 1873, Trollope writes to Chapman: "O'Neil has refused to do the wrapper. I asked Walker ['probably Frederick Walker (1840-75), illustrator and painter'] if he could recommend me anyone, and he has promised to write to me" (Letters 1014). It is not known whether the artist, identified only by the entwined initials "JB" in the lower left corner of the cover, was recommended by Walker, but he or she must have been decided on some time after the beginning of November.

The serial parts cover (dark blue) features a circle of thumbnail sketches surrounding a globe inscribed with the words, "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE"[3] (see Figure 8). A winged and bearded Father Time sits atop the globe facing left; his left arm is raised as if to ward off something and his face is buried in his right hand. From what one can see of his features, he is distraught. Beside him are his sickle and hour-glass. Around and above Father Time are money bags, round and full and tightly tied with a continuous piece of string that links them. Beside the globe are two long vignettes (there would not seem to have been room for money bags here) and below it are three more bags. These are no longer full and round; the string has come untied and the bag in the center bottom is almost empty.

All the scenes in the bags — and the two vignettes — involve Melmotte. His prominence on the cover would seem to indicate that, by this stage, he is firmly established in the author's mind as the novel's central character. The "Carbury novel" is no more; by the time the artist receives instructions for the serial parts cover, this is clearly the story of the crooked financier and The Way We Live Now.[4] In the central bag at the top is a portrait of Melmotte; the bag in the upper left corner shows him in conference with a cigar-smoking Mr. Fisker, and the bag in the upper right shows him at a meeting of the railway board listening to Paul Montague. Below this, Melmotte shakes his finger threateningly at a seated young man, apparently warning Sir Felix away from Marie. Across from this, Melmotte appears in court dress being introduced to a glowering Emperor of China. The vignette underneath does not show Melmotte himself but reveals a seemingly endless table spreading off into the distance at his banquet for the Emperor. Opposite, Melmotte stands on the steps at Covent Garden addressing his constituents on the day before the Parliamentary election. In the lower right corner (in a partially empty bag), Melmotte bends threateningly over a cowering Marie as Madame Melmotte looks on. In the lower left, a drunken Melmotte pitches forward over the back of the bench in front of him at his final appearance in the House of Commons. In the center bottom bag (virtually empty), the scoundrel lies dead, a bottle of what must be prussic acid lying near his outstretched right arm. The cycle — from the proud swindler in the full bag to the wretched "creature" in the empty one — is complete.[5]

NOTES: Appendix 2

[1] No critic has mentioned the original drawings for these illustrations; and this may be the first time they have been discussed. They have been mounted and bound separately from the manuscript and include no explanation as to where they are from or by whom they were donated.

Samuel Luke Fildes was originally "blamed" for these illustrations until it became clear that the initials "LGF" could not stand for Fildes. As Hall notes in Trollope and His Illustrators, "certainly one can regret that Fildes, an able illustrator best remembered today for his drawings for Dickens' The Mystery of Edwin Drood, was not called upon to do The Way We Live Now, one of Trollope's most highly regarded works" (145).

[2] Each of the novel's twenty serial parts included two illustrations bound on facing pages preceding the text.

[3] I examined the original serial parts covers in the Taylor Collection at Princeton University's Firestone Library.

[4] In a letter written November 17, Trollope gives "The Way we live Now" as the book's title (Letters 602).

[5] Sutherland mentions the serial cover in his introduction to the Oxford paperback edition and comments that "the wheel of fortune motif recalls the title of Lady Carbury's novel" (xiv).

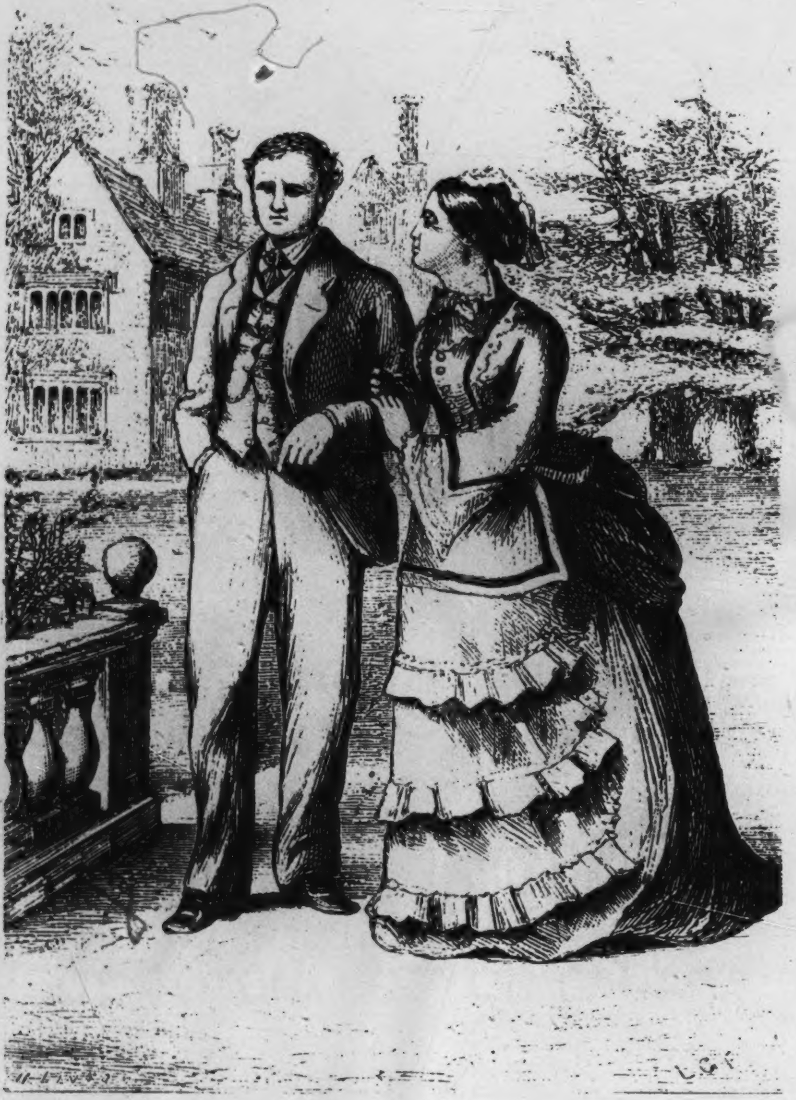


Figure 1. Fawkes drew Lady Carbury walking with Roger Carbury in this illustration for the third number.

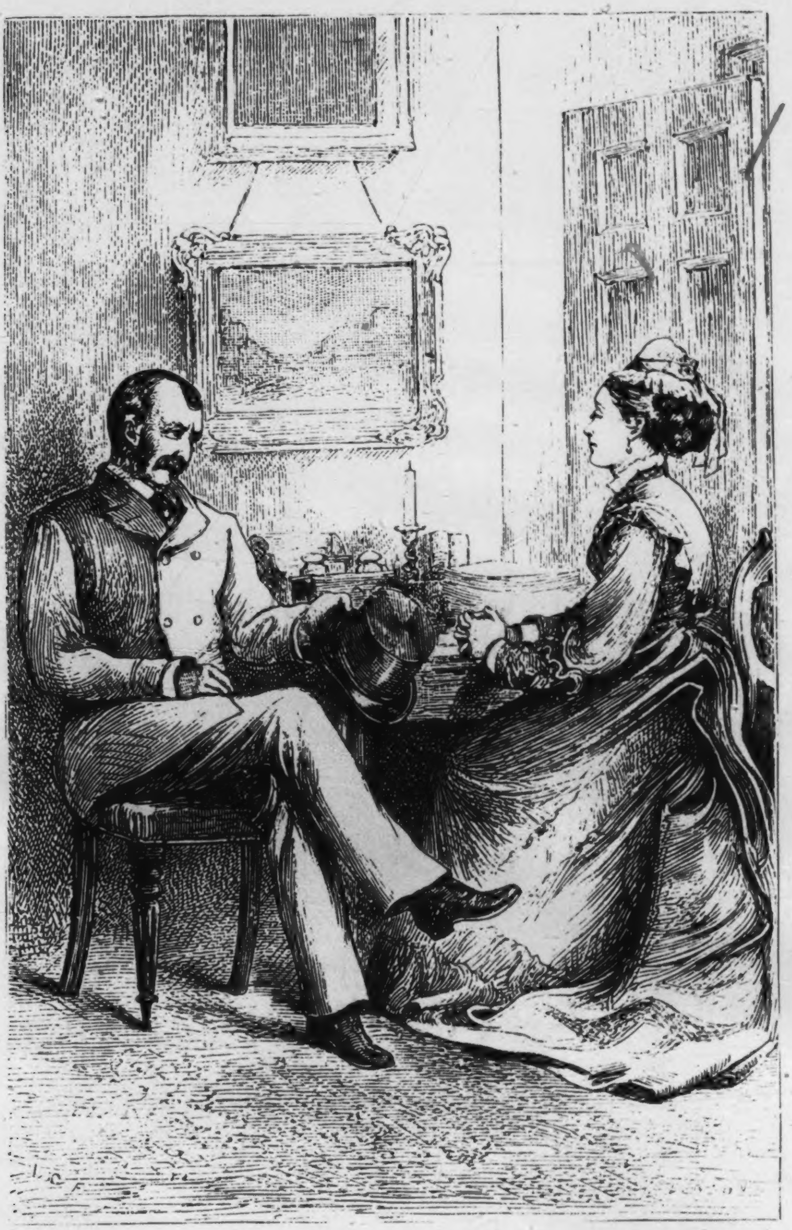


Figure 2. This Lady Carbury looks quite different in an illustration from the nineteenth number.

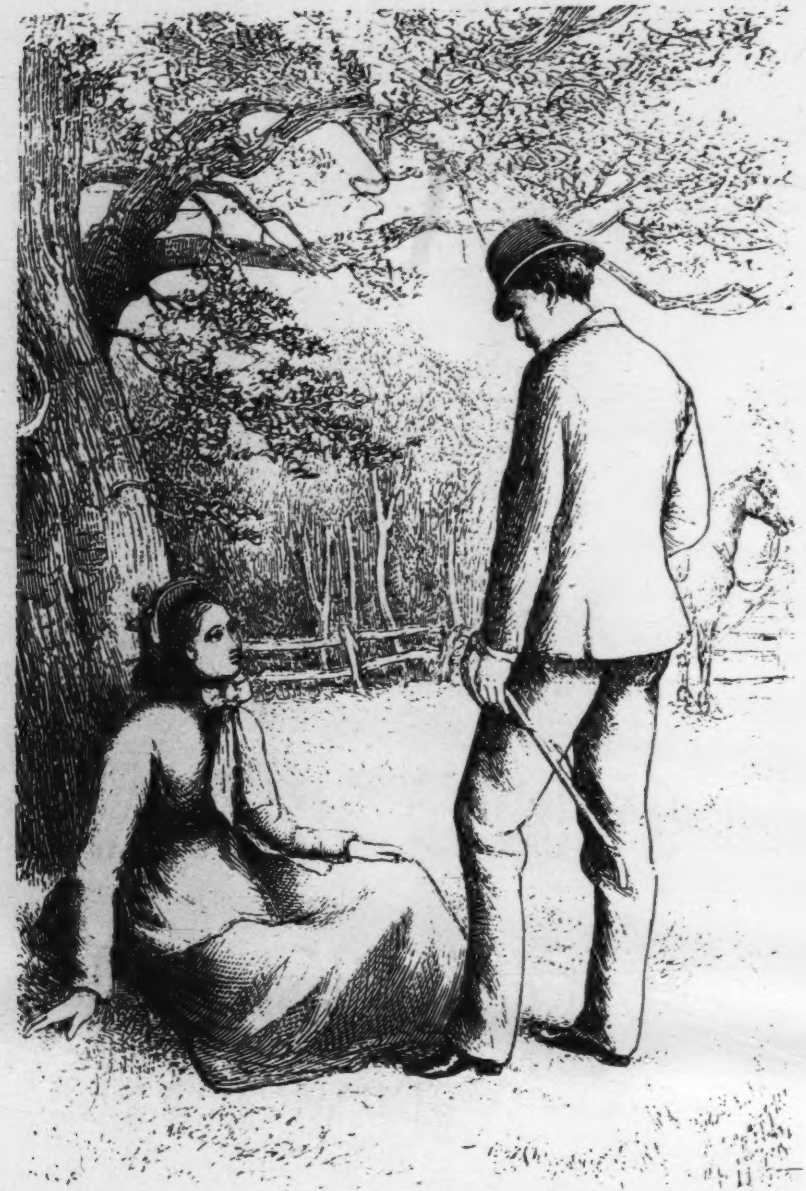


Figure 3. The caption ("You know why I have come down here") indicates this is Marie Melmotte with Felix; the setting, however, suggests it is actually Ruby Ruggles.

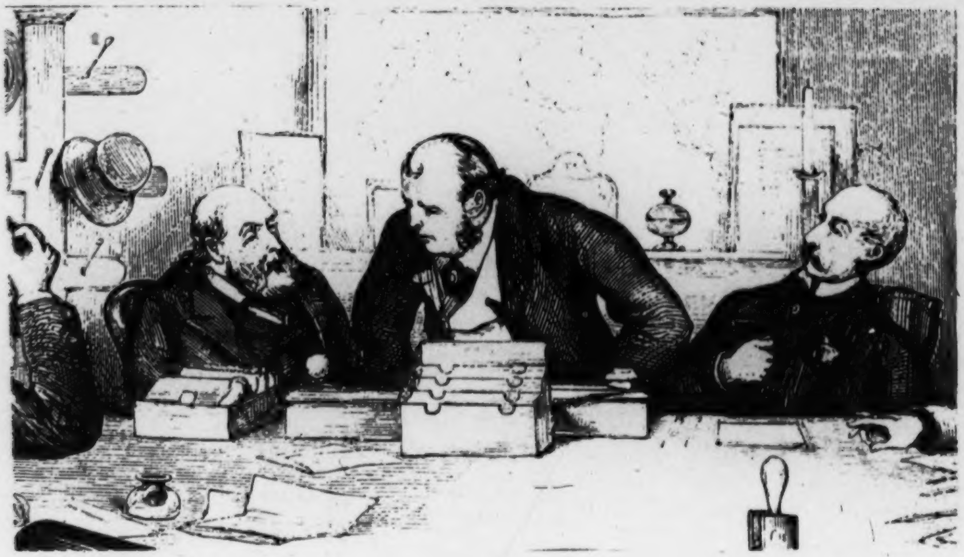
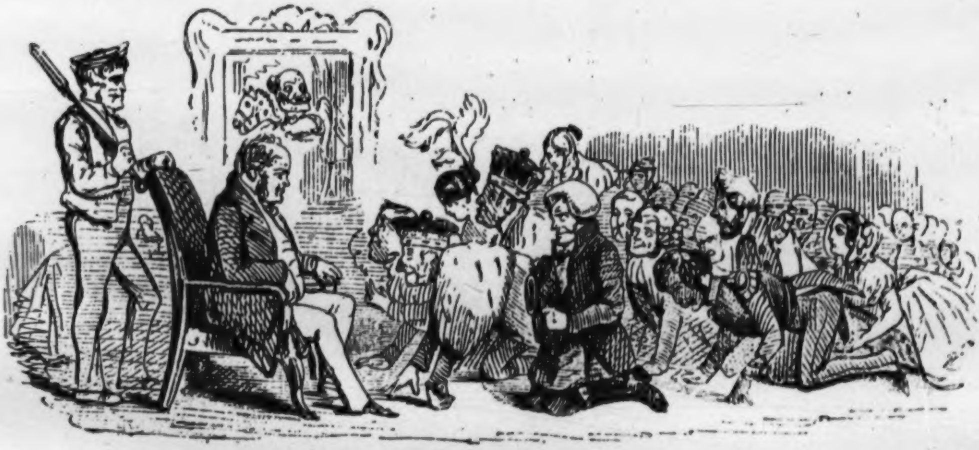


Figure 4. Augustus Melmotte as drawn by Fawkes



KING HUDSON'S LEVEE.

Figure 5. George Hudson as portrayed by Punch (1845)

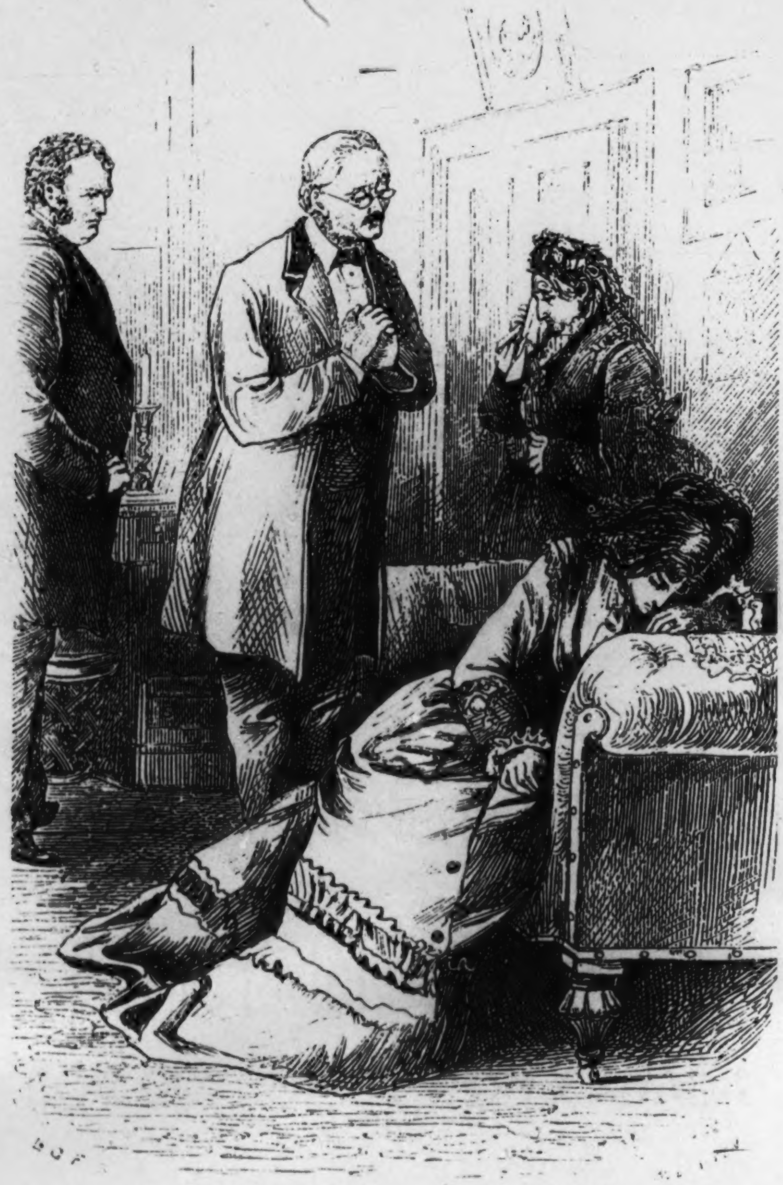


Figure 6. For this illustration in the sixteenth number, Fawkes re-drew Marie's head and glued it over his initial attempt.

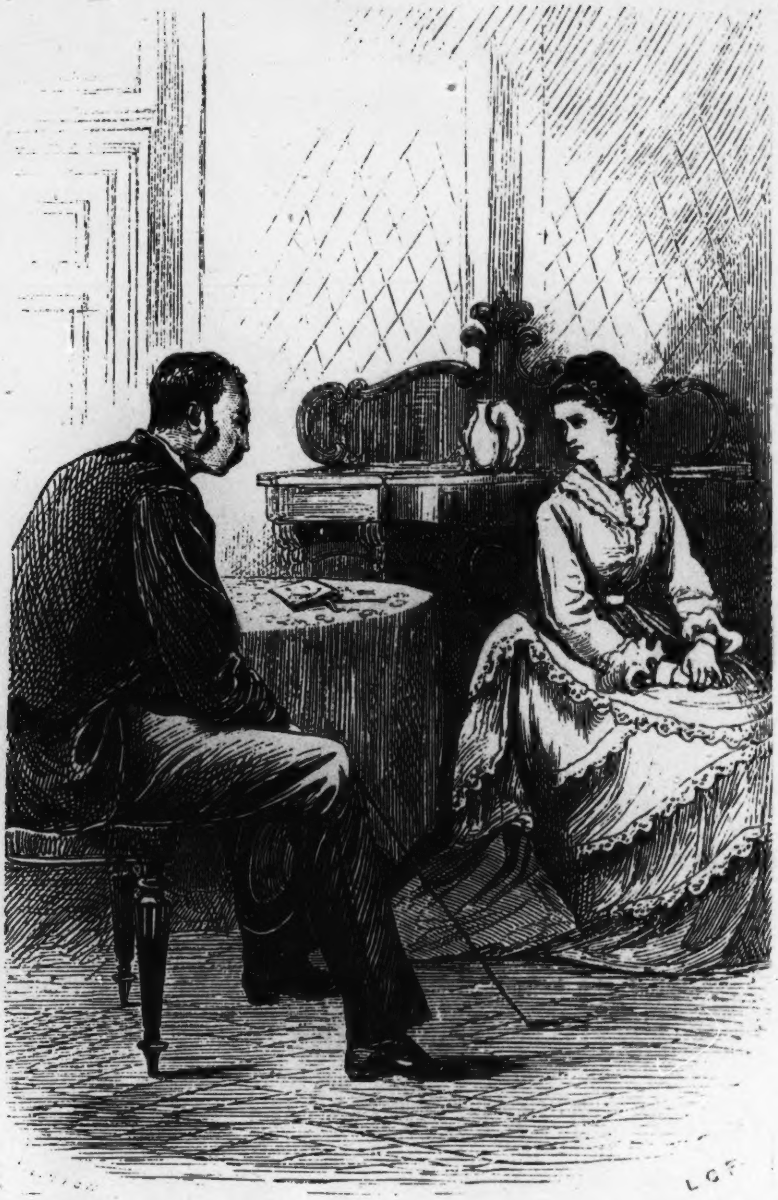


Figure 7. Fawkes re-drew Hetta's head and attached it at an awkward angle in this illustration.

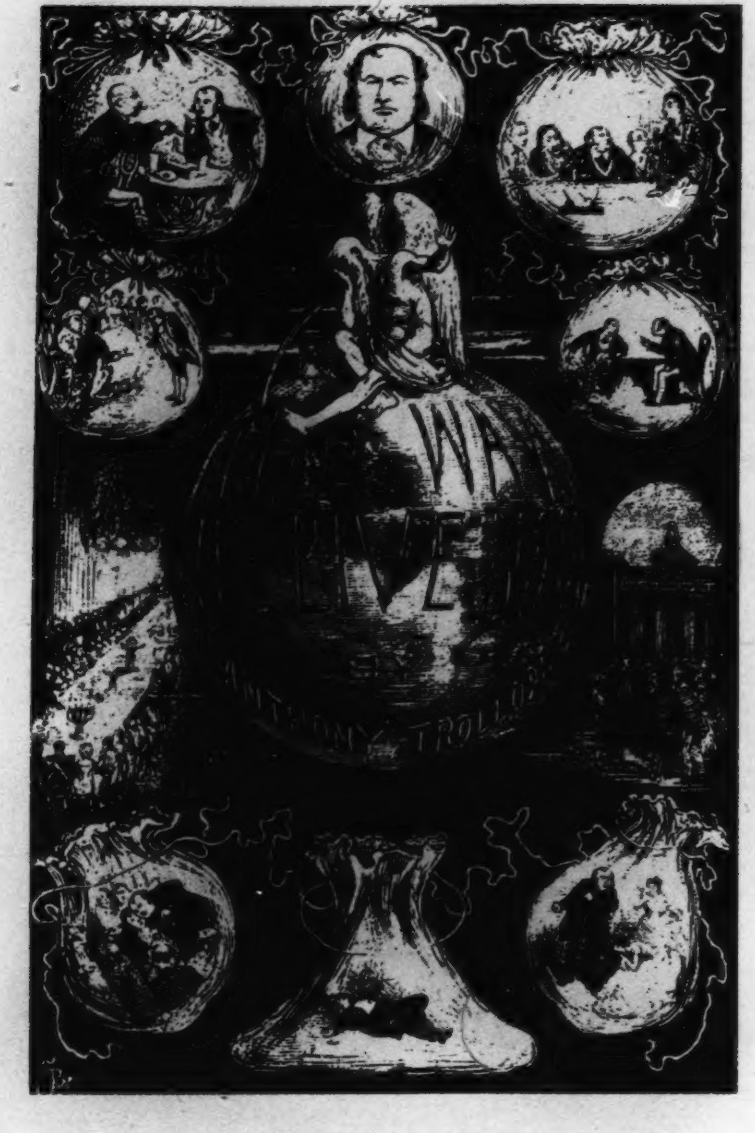

WAY WE LIVE NOW
BY
ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Figure 8. The serial parts cover for The Way We Live Now.